New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Rebel Without a Cause?

It is not difficult to present France—as some British newspapers have been doing this week—as Europe's Dead End Kid. The French have never been easy allies, and it must be admitted they are currently causing their friends grave embarrassment in a number of fields. The successful Algiers *coup* last May has done much to discredit the concept of parliamentary democracy, which is, after all, the ideological basis of the Free World. Their failure to come to terms with the Algerian nationalists—and their unscrupulous employment of US military and economic aid in prolonging that war—is the biggest single factor in the continuing bitter relations between the Arab world and the West. What is perhaps even more serious, it threatens to provide Russia with a foothold in Africa and thus extend the Cold War to yet another continent. Now the French appear to have succeeded in transforming the original concept of a united, free-trading Europe into a mercantilist, aggressive and exclusive economic block, thus forcing Britain to engage in a mutually destructive trade war. Finally, they are ruthlessly exploiting their position as the geographical centre of Nato to blackmail the Americans into concessions—such as the establishment of North Africa as a 'legitimate' Nato zone—which can only be damaging to the interests of the West as a whole.

The atmosphere in which France is conducting her excitable diplomacy—and the savage wave of anti-British feeling aroused by the trivial 'Spanish Champagne' case is by no means an isolated example of it—lends colour to this critical image. Since de Gaulle returned to power, the national neuroses from which France had been silently suffering, and which sprang from her inevitable decline as a world power, have been brutally exposed. To many she appears as the new problem case, lashing out at her best friends because she is unable to recognise the real sources of her frustration.

But is this image entirely fair? Is France simply a rebel without a cause? It is at this point that we must remove our patronising gaze from France's imperfections and concentrate on our own. France's sufferings over the past century are in large part due to British hesitations. The First World War might have been averted had we been willing to define our military obligations to France. Again, in the Thirties, we were the pacesetters in appeasement: it was our distaste for Continental commitments which prevented France from curbing the resurgence of German militarism. Since 1945 we have resumed our ambivalent attitude to Europe, vaguely encouraging schemes to promote unity, while refusing to participate in them and protesting vociferously whenever they threaten to become realities. This shifty behaviour has naturally irritated France, which has always sought the companionship of Britain to balance Germany's superior resources; and irritation has turned to rage since Mr Macmillan began openly to flaunt Britain's position as the third world power and second-in-command of the West. No doubt Sir David Eccles helped to spark off this week's outburst; but its real causes are deep and complex.

What is more, they are not easily removed. Trade retaliations against France—as even their advocates admit—offer no permanent solution, and they may not even be effective in the short term. We can inflict damage on the French economy, but in her present mood this is unlikely to bring her to heel; on the contrary, it may even strengthen the cohesion of the Six; and there can be no question of Britain's engaging in a prolonged trade battle with an economic formation of this magnitude. Indeed, it is now becoming clear that Britain no longer possesses the economic strength to maintain its political ambivalence towards Europe: Labour's postwar decision to continue it was based on the assumption that Britain would become a high investment country, whose position as a world banker and the centre of an independent economic unit would rest on a secure foundation of rising productivity. But since 1951, this foundation has been steadily eroded by Tory economic policy. If Labour is returned to power next year, it may still be possible to rebuild it, and when this happens we could again permit ourselves the luxury of treating Europe as 'the Continent'. In the meantime, we have no alternative but to treat it with realism; and in this context, realism means humility.

Comments on the Week's News

Which Voice on Cyprus ?

Mr Macmillan's Cyprus tactics are now being shaped largely by electoral considerations. It is unlikely that he will attempt to negotiate a settlement before the election. In the meantime, he must avoid two things: any concession, such as a bilateral truce with Eoka, which would precipitate a back-bench revolt and split his constituency parties; while out-and-out repression would strengthen the electorally damaging image of the Tories as a party of violence – though the decision to resume hangings may set off a new wave of Eoka attacks. Hence the government now speaks with two voices: softly in public, harshly in private. Last week we saw both in action. In the House of Commons, the Premier's statement, moderate in content and tone, largely silenced opposition front-bench criticism. But on Thursday evening, echoes of the other voice were heard. Mr Lennox-Boyd assured a private meeting of Tory back-benchers that there was no question of the government formally renouncing partition as an alternative solution, and that it had even drawn up emergency plans to implement it. The obvious duty of the opposition is to expose these glaring inconsistencies, and to point out to the country that, by delaying a Cyprus settlement until after the election, Mr Macmillan is placing party interests before the lives of British servicemen. Unfortunately, the opposition leadership also believes itself to be on the horns of an electoral dilemma. Although he is committed to a policy of independence for Cyprus, Mr Gaitskell's chief anxiety is to deny Mr Macmillan the chance to accuse him of stabbing British boys in the back. Hence Labour's tactics are almost as devious as those of the Tories, though they are likely to prove electorally far less profitable. Mr Gaitskell should remember that, whatever loyal noises he may succeed in making, Mr Macmillan can always outbid him in patriotic demagogy. Labour should not be ashamed of the fact that it is an internationalist party, based on principle.

Breakdown at OEEC

The deadlock at the OEEC discussion this week on the question of the French rejection of the Free Trade Area and of the connection with the Common Market was unexpectedly complete. The French were not even prepared to offer a temporary compromise in order to avoid or reduce discrimination when the first stage of the Common Market comes into operation at the beginning of next month, and it now seems utterly clear that discrimination there will be, at any rate for a time – even if OEEC meets again, as arranged this week, in the middle of January. It is not too clear how far France has the support of her partners in the 'Six' or how far the 11 OEEC countries outside the Common Market are in harmony with Britain in seeing the outlook as exceedingly serious, not only from the point of view of trade, but also for the future of the general policy of Nato in both military and political spheres. But there are clearly two sharply opposed positions – those of France and Britain – with the other countries ranged at various points in between them. There was talk at the OEEC meeting of probable reprisals if the Common Market were introduced in such a way as to institute a system of trade discrimination in western Europe – despite the commitments against discrimination of OEEC itself and the failure of the French to carry out in full the relaxations of import restrictions prescribed by OEEC to its members. It is true that the degree of discrimination involved in the first stage of the Common Market is not very severe; but the matter is one of principle as well as of expediency and there are many besides the British who look with grave apprehension on any proposal that will break up the unity of western Europe into potentially hostile trading groups.

Mintoff's Dilemma

The current talks on the constitutional future of Malta are petering out this week without result other than increased bitterness. Mr Mintoff and his Labour colleagues, faced with the dislocation of dockyard activity, prospects of unemployment, and an absence of capital to cushion a disrupted economy, have decided to go it alone. Mr Mintoff has put in a claim for independence, and would like to see a date fixed for the withdrawal of British sovereignty. How he can provide 320,000 Maltese with decent living standards without long-term British aid is unclear. On the other hand, he has been offered no alternative by the Colonial Office, which is unwilling to put forward any new constitutional proposals until the demand for independence is withdrawn. If this line is to be pursued, parliament will in due course have to approve further legislation enabling the Governor to continue direct rule beyond next April; and this will certainly lead to trouble in the island itself, where even the clergy are offering prayers for the restoration of a Maltese government. Mr Mintoff's position is extremely difficult. He cannot accept a less liberal constitution than that which was suspended last April. But if he takes office again, even with increased constitutional powers, he knows that the economic difficulties consequent upon the transfer of the dockyard to a commercial firm will become his responsibility and may run him into considerable political difficulties. Yet Britain continues to refuse the additional aid essential if alternative employment is to be provided. Mintoff's recourse to independence is therefore understandable. Surely the solution is for both sides to accept a transitional constitution, which would enable a new Maltese government to work in partnership with Britain for the specific purpose of solving the problem of employment.

The TUC and Mr Haxell

The leadership of the trade union movement has been very reluctant to take up the allegations of election trickery made against the Communist clique which controls the Electrical Trades Union. There are several reasons for this. One is the General Council's dislike of interference in the internal affairs of autonomous unions; a second is the feeling that the more this scandal is aired the more discredit is brought upon the trade unions, and the greater the possibility of legislation to control union elections; and a third is the belief that the General Council lacks the power to conduct an inquiry which could really get at the facts. It has no means of compelling witnesses to appear or to produce minute books, voting returns and similar relevant documents. At least, its only sanction is the power to suspend or expel a union from membership of the TUC, and there would be little value in such drastic action unless a rival union were set up, with recognition, to attract electrical workers. This, as a matter of fact, was the device used by the American CIO, when the US electrical workers union had fallen under Communist control, but it is a technique that runs right against British precedent. But the TUC has at last begun to move. The ETU leadership had already run into trouble because of its desire to sponsor an international convention of kindred unions, drawn from both the Communist and non-Communist federations, and the warning from the TUC that this might have serious consequences has made Mr Haxell and his colleagues think again. Now the TUC has asked the ETU to comment on the charges of electoral fraud that have been made in this and other journals. This may be intended merely as a strong hint that the union's affairs should be better conducted in future, rather than as a serious effort to get to the bottom of the whole business. But it may encourage the ETU branches which have been demanding a special conference to discuss the way that Haxell and Foulkes have been running the union.

NEXT WEEK

Our Christmas week issue will be published next Tuesday (instead of Friday). It will include CHARLES FOLEY ***on Cyprus,*** CLAUD COCKBURN ***on the Irish, a page of new translations of poems by*** BORIS PASTERNAK ***and a seasonable offering,*** CHRISTMAS AT GREAT TURNSTILE.

Defining Obscenity

Both the Society of Authors and Mr Roy Jenkins, MP, will be wise not to regard the government's *volte face* on the Obscene Publications Bill as a gracious act to be welcomed with uncritical gratitude. It is true that the area of disagreement is now unexpectedly small. The Home Office definition of obscenity, for example, substituting the words 'in its context' for the requirement that a publication be judged 'as a whole', is not unreasonable, if it is understood that the context of a novel is the novel itself and not one of its pages. This much is implicit in Mr Butler's instance of 'a collection of short stories, only one of which is obscene' – a difficulty which cannot be brushed aside. But the government view that the admission of expert evidence is 'unworkable' (despite the recommendation of the Select Committee) must be contested vigorously. Expert witnesses in many criminal prosecutions, called because they are qualified to speak with authority on matters of fact, are unique in being nevertheless allowed to give evidence as to their opinions. If, as Mr Butler fears, their admissibility would 'encourage the production of well-written pornography which would be beyond the reach of the law', a compromise may be found in providing a defence of 'public interest based on the general well-being of society' – which, in fact, was the basis of one of the earlier bills put forward by the Society of Authors. As for the government's concern to suppress 'high-class pornography', on the ground that it can be the more dangerous for being well-written, this merely restates the familiar official dilemma about many great literary

figures of the past. There is, however, a new atmosphere of compromise from which there may now emerge a workable and welcome bill.

Civil Service Indignation

The civil servants, who are in a state of high indignation at the Treasury's recent pay offer, held a series of large-scale demonstrations last Monday evening. The Civil Service Clerical Association, the union which represents the bulk of the clerical grades, is convinced that the inadequate offer was inspired by political considerations, and that the government is trying to make use of the Civil Service Arbitration Tribunal, which is officially described as an independent body, as a subordinate executant of its own wage-freeze policy. There was much talk on Monday of direct action, in the absence of an improved offer from the Treasury or the tribunal, and Mr Green, the general secretary of the CSCA, in emphasising the refusal of his members to take an adverse decision without protest, said that a strike of clerical workers would completely paralyse the civil service. There is, however, plenty of time for second thoughts before there can be any immediate question of strike action.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Paying for Grandeur

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Fifty ministers and 1,000 diplomats, generals and experts from 19 countries are congregated in Paris this week for five major conferences. The city, of course, is used to this sort of thing – Paris has long been the diplomatic centre of the West – but on this occasion, the vast influx of politicians and diplomats, adding as it does to France's self-importance, neatly coincides with the new nationalist mood which General de Gaulle has created. Suddenly, it seems to Parisians, France has once more begun to play her role as the arbiter of international affairs. 'De Gaulle', thundered *France-Soir*, 'explains to Dulles what must be France's place in the free world' – with the accent very much on the imperative. Last Friday, at the preparatory meeting of the Nato Military Council, the French delegation translated this attitude into more precise terms. Their chief representative explained that so long as France was not informed, in detail as well as in general terms, of Anglo-US strategic plans, she would be unable to make her present financial and military contribution to them. In other words, so long as France is excluded from the *directoire* – as the French term it – she will not merely ignore its decisions but do her best to prevent their application. France, whisper de Gaulle's aides, is tired of longer playing the part of America's complaisant *beni-oui-oui*. So the Cross of Lorraine has been raised again, and this time it presses on the broad shoulders of Mr Dulles.

Naturally, this is very much to French taste: but amid the triumphant editorials figure a few disturbing news-items. No sabre-rattling in Paris can disguise the fact that France was heavily defeated in the UN Algerian debate. The Afro-Asian motion calling for negotiations was passed by 35 to 18 with 28 abstentions – only one vote short of a two-thirds majority; and for the first time, moreover, the US refused to vote for France, taking refuge in abstention.

The second intrusive news-item concerns the budget. In his letter to General Salan, who has just been removed from Algeria and loaded with honours, de Gaulle writes: 'We now move on to the heart of the problem: development – that is, the economic and administrative campaign.' The General, say his aides, believes firmly in the future of the Sahara, and its ability to make the Algerians forget their struggle for independence by bringing them economic prosperity. Hence the keyword of the Fourth Republic – 'pacification' – has been replaced by another – 'industrialisation'. But one central aspect of the plan has yet to be settled: who is to pay for it? For the ordinary Frenchman, the first concrete results of the return to a *politique de grandeur* may well be a fall in his standard of living.

Havana

The Twilight of Batista

A Latin American Correspondent writes: On and off for a quarter of a century, Cuban politics have hinged on the whims of the powerful personality of Fulgencio Batista. For a long time he appealed to the people and to the rank and file of the army because he was of humble origin, swore like a sailor and spat through his teeth like a professional. His political support has included a motley collection of Communists, Nazis, Fascists, anarchists and everything that could claim the slightest anti-Americanism in its political programme. He is disliked intensely by the old ruling aristocracy because to them he looks like a living caricature of everything their Parisian upbringing has taught them to hate in Caribbean politics. Not that they mind authoritarianism or corruption – they are used to that – but this time, they claim, things have gone too far. Practically every attempt to unseat Batista has come from the extreme right wing. Until recently the workers supported him. None the less he has presided over the most corrupt, inefficient – and this is saying a lot in the Caribbean – administration that has existed on the island. He has poisoned the wells of left-wing thought and political action, in the same way Peron did, by creating a fantastic confusion between his brand of paternalistic, demagogic dictatorship and Socialism.

Fidel Castro is as opportunistic as Batista. Three years ago, when he first revolted against Batista, he put forward a left-wing programme, which included nationalisation of key industries and an agrarian reform. But this did not catch on, and soon Castro drifted into the extreme right, where bankers and landowners were willing to finance his revolution – if only to get rid of Batista. Castro accepted, and for a few months his was probably the most luxurious revolutionary movement ever. His guerilla troops were well supplied with food and ammunition, his couriers included dashing debutantes and young men-about-town. Of course the whole programme of social reform had to be dropped in favour of one which bothered only about the restoration of 'freedom'. This did not work either. The little support which Castro had had before he sold out to the bankers was lost, and the workers and students, rather grudgingly, decided once again to support Batista. Then Fidel Castro's younger brother, Raul, returned from Europe where he had been making a tour behind the Iron Curtain. He is an enthusiastic left-winger and seems to be free of the opportunism which characterises his brother. He soon convinced Fidel that the only way he could capture mass support in the island would be by adopting a truly reformist platform and sticking to it come what may. In fact, the initiative passed from Fidel to Raul. The US authorities, which had been helping Fidel since his turn to the right, withdrew all support when Raul took over operations: the US is not interested in changing Batista for a left-wing alternative. The Cuban people, however, are, and Batista's regime is losing support so fast that, even within the armed forces, which have been traditionally loyal to the dictator, there are reports of disaffection.

Westminster

The Outriders

The business looked unappetising. Mr Henry Brooke on the House Purchase and Housing Bill, Mr F. J. Erroll on the Emergency Laws (Repeal) Bill, Mr J. B. Godber on Slaughter of Pigs (Anæsthesia) – there was little here for the jaded palate. But this was reckoning without Mr Hugh Delargy or Mr George Wigg.

Delargy has appeared and still appears in many roles – dedicated novice studying for the priesthood in Paris and Rome, city councillor forcing his Manchester colleagues to increase public assistance, unemployed labourer son of an unemployed Irish plasterer, passionate partisan of Irish rebellion and of Lancashire cricket, Captain in the British army, an assistant unpaid Whip in the British Labour government. The list was extended on Monday when the rich voice, uplifted more usually in song or in private argument, suddenly erupted volcanically in the House of Commons on behalf of rebels hiding in the far away Cuban hills.

When he failed to extract a promise from Commander Noble that the British government would stop further shipment of arms for use by the Cuban dictator against the rebels, Delargy saw red and hit out at everyone including the Speaker whose actions, he said, threw a 'peculiar light on his sense of justice and responsibility' and whose advice was 'frivolous'. Then apparently oblivious to the shocked amazement which such language had caused around him, Delargy sat rumbling in his seat until the end of questions, when he erupted again with a demand that the matter should be debated at once. Here he was joined by two other volcanoes, Messrs Hale and Bevan, and the molten lava was just about to engulf not only the government, but also the Speaker's chair, when Commander Noble got up again to say that, after all, the government would not send any more arms to Cuba without consulting the House. This was a brilliant example, refreshing because so rare, of putting life into the official opposition, which, once it had clearly understood that this was not some sort of Catholic stunt, suddenly recalled its past and weighed in against the traffic in arms.

After Delargy, Mr George Wigg. Since the publication of the Randolph Churchill articles, Wigg has been busily manœuvring to engage the government once again on the subject of Suez. It looked as if he might be frustrated, both by the Speaker's preference for an adjournment discussion on Scottish horticulture instead either of Cuba or of Suez, and by Mr R. A. Butler's sudden decision to discuss obscene publications – a decision dictated by Mr Butler's well-known interest in literature and by Sir Alan Herbert's

well-known interest in East Harrow. But Wigg won his point and at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening he rose before a full House.

The House, though full, was very quiet. The opposition hoped that the government would be acutely embarrassed and glanced from time to time across the gangway to where Mr Anthony Head sat, wrinkling his forehead and shuffling his blue-sheeted notes. Government supporters sat with the corners of their mouths turned down and wondered whether Mr Christopher Soames was the right man to answer for them. Wigg, in a voice unusually low, asked the right questions – why we ever embarked on the Suez adventure and why, having embarked, we should have found ourselves so short of the military equipment such an adventure demanded. Such questions could be resolved only by a Select Committee of the House. Head, following Wigg, claimed that the military side of the adventure had been a success, within the limits of the straight-jacket imposed on the military by politics – and this defence of the military seemed to the opposition to be an attack on the government. What would the reply be? Not, obviously, to allow a full inquiry on which the nation could judge, for the Prime Minister had already refused this. The first hint of the answer came from Sir Charles Mott-Radclyffe who, adopting the simple technique of defence by attack, blamed the failure of the Suez operation on the opposition's lack of patriotism and this line was developed, amid mounting uproar, by Christopher Soames. Obviously we shall not be allowed to know, before the next election, what really did happen over Suez, however skilfully Wigg continues his one-man campaign for the facts. But this week has revealed that both parties are now thinking with their instincts – and will do so until the election.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

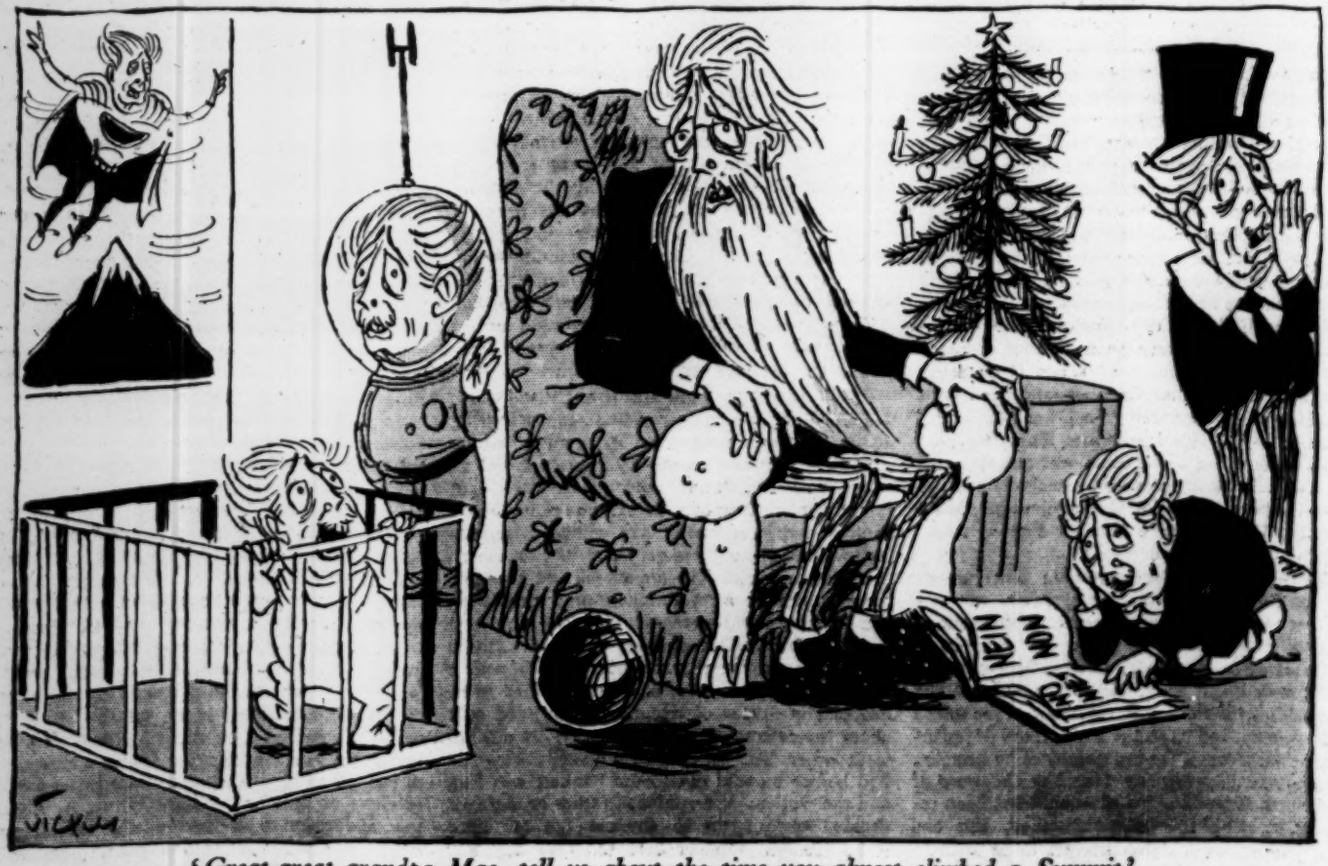
Beaver and Crusader

Anxious as ever to share with all its readers the sweet smell of success, the *Daily Express* has recently developed the habit of communicating each day a fresh jewel of information about itself and its partners in the great Beaverbrook empire. This is printed in nice black type at the top of the Opinion column, where those serious minded types who actually wish to know what the *Daily Express* is thinking are bound to see it. These jewels make a glittering necklace of remarkable facts. For instance: 'The British public paid £18,336,798 for newspapers in the Beaverbrook Group last year'; 'Advertisers paid £13,439,800 for space in Beaverbrook Newspapers last year'; 'In the last year the revenue of Beaverbrook Newspapers increased by £3,197,274'; and 'Beaverbrook Newspapers used last year more newsprint than any other group in the country'. Yet while, on the leader page, the glittering jewels of success adorn the column through which Lord Beaverbrook seeks so pertinaciously to sway the destinies of nations, on the front page the red figure of the *Express* crusader remains obstinately in chains. This indeed is the most interesting and in many ways most significant of all the facts about the Beaverbrook press.

Commercially it is riding high – higher indeed than at any time in its history. The total profit of the group – the *Daily Express*, the *Sunday Express*, the *Evening Standard* and the Glasgow *Evening Citizen* – reached a new record in the last accounts recently published. It amounted to £1,244,000, which was £173,000 up on the previous year despite the tough times through which Fleet Street as a whole has been going. The advertising revenue of the *Daily Express* increased by nearly 12 per cent., and that of the *Sunday Express* by over 45 per cent., although that of the *Evening Standard*, it is true, declined by 3.3 per cent. Roses, roses, almost all the way. Yet few if any of the policies for which Lord Beaverbrook has campaigned with such vigour and venom throughout the years show much sign of acquiring either governmental or popular support; few of the political heroes he has from time to time sanctified with his benediction show much sign of benefiting from the accolades he has pressed upon their flinching brows: by and large his political enemies wax and grow fat in the land. 'I run my papers,' Lord Beaverbrook told the Royal Commission on the Press, 'purely for the purpose of making propaganda and with no other motive'. The propaganda pours out. It has singularly little result, but on the other hand, the pennies and the readers swell daily. For no man in the history of journalism has it been so right to be wrong.

Here is expressed more vividly than anywhere else that dichotomy which is often regarded as the most characteristic feature of modern British journalism, the gap between popularity and influence. The more the *Express* succeeds in the one direction the more it fails in the other. It has done this by providing a newspaper which the majority of its readers, it would appear, feel under no compulsion whatever to take seriously – and like for that very reason.

Arthur Christiansen, the most durable and distinguished of its editors, once summed up the philosophy of the paper in one of his regular instructions to his staff by saying that it was part of its job 'to make every day seem a sunny day'. It has done so however adverse the climatic



'Great-great grandpa Mac, tell us about the time you almost climbed a Summit'

conditions, and however far from reality the desire has led it. Even its biggest mistakes have had no effect on the desire of people to read it. When, in pursuit of its policy of making every day a sunny day, it declared immediately before the war that 'there will be no war this year or next year', the fact that it was proved more dramatically and tragically wrong than any self-respecting paper has a right to be in no wise affected its circulation. In a world in which the larger realities are apt to be depressing and the minor circumstances of life are humdrum for most people, it would appear to have flourished, because the mirror it holds to the world is a distorting one. But distorting in a particularly gay and exciting way, so that everything – or at any rate everything that is dramatic or pleasant – is reflected several times as large as life and a good deal more highly coloured. The *Daily Express* is hugged to the hearts of more than 4,000,000 paying customers a day because – whether this is what Lord Beaverbrook originally intended or is the price paid for his rootless and mischievous outlook on affairs – the Beaverbrook press has become the glossiest, most efficient piece of escapism in the history of the British press – and the most lavishly financed.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Challenge of China

THE meaning of Chairman Mao's resignation is open to any number of interpretations – like most of the problems raised by China's headlong advance. Indeed, the two letters we publish this week show how sharply honest and well-informed observers may differ about the same events. Dr Joseph Needham, who has lived much in China, talks Chinese and is the erudite and universally acclaimed historian of Chinese science, protests against our comment that the latest developments in the Chinese revolution are examples of a 'new type' of fanaticism and intolerance. The 'Tibetan Observer', whose letter follows, is haunted by a picture of a people with a unique culture, now occupied, harried and dispossessed by a vast immigration of Chinese. The difficulty is that both these pictures are broadly true. I am reminded of the quarrel between Paine and Burke, the one enthused by the birth of a new society, the other obsessed by the sorry end of an ancient establishment and accurately foreseeing the military dictatorship to follow. It is indeed exciting to see revolutionary enthusiasm overcoming the taboos of a cruel and static system; it is also alarming to watch the Chinese invasion of a territory that in the past was only nominally and legally Chinese. Our job, it seems to me, is to face all the facts and to decide on the attitude we should adopt towards events which will probably decide our own and the world's future.

When undeveloped, ex-colonial or feudal countries decide to turn themselves into modern industrialised and independent ones, they inevitably adopt a Socialist economy. They have to pass through the stage of capital accumulation which countries like Britain and America went through a century ago. The days when this could be done by rugged individualism have passed. Capital will not, undirected, go into the basic industries, where it is first needed, nor will foreign money leave political independence unimpaired unless it is made part of a centralised plan. Such a constructive revolution necessarily involves much large-scale propaganda; millions of illiterate, traditionally servile peasants must be persuaded actively to co-operate in the new way of life. Inevitably those who made a good thing out of the old regime, whether as landlords, small capitalists or members of an intellectual elite, will not readily accept the revolutionary change. It would be a miracle if there were no violence, or if there were adequate discrimination between those who could not and those who could be persuaded to accept the new order and work within it.

It has never been a sensible policy to attack the leaders of revolutions because they did not fully respect the rights of man. Such revolutions must be accepted as a fact of history. Those of us who preach Socialism must always beware lest our distaste for all methods of coercion makes us align ourselves with people whose minds are conditioned by their property and those who, for humane, æsthetic or religious reasons, can only approve of what has long been out-dated and denigrate what is good and inevitable in the present. But criticism may be useful. I recall that every revolution is the result of an explosion; the head of steam engendered destroys much more than the objects against which it is directed. Revolution proved necessary to end feudalism in France, but it was not written in history that therefore Napoleon had to march on Moscow. When the smoke had cleared, the revolutionary ideas of nationalism and democracy had won their way. But if the old powers had not made the classical error of intervening and the leaders of the revolution in Paris had been less fanatical, Europe could have avoided a generation of war. The Russian revolution, a great and necessary event, was ill served by Stalin, not because he determined to make a Socialist Russia, but because, in his fanatical haste to collectivise and industrialise according to his own pattern, he quite needlessly killed several million peasants and destroyed the intellectual life of the Soviet Union. For these reasons, after his death, he was denounced by those colleagues whom he had not murdered.

We spoke of fanaticism and intolerance in China because the usually cautious Chinese leaders now appear to us to be embarking on a similarly dangerous course – and one which Mao now seems to be about to 'generalise' in a great theoretical pronouncement. I do not raise the disputed question how many Chinese were killed in the early years of the revolution and how far their 'liquidation' was justified. I only ask Dr Needham to stand back for a moment and look at recent developments in China and say whether there is not something really fanatical in the current persecution of intellectuals. In no way did they endanger the regime. On the contrary, the members of the Democratic League who collaborated with the Communists in creating the revolution were anxious to continue to work for it; they only asked for the right of reasonable criticism; when they abandoned their integrity as writers and artists it was only after the most extreme pressure. A few of these thinkers are well known to me; far more were intimates of Dr Needham. He knows, as I do – it is safer not to mention names – that these men were not hostile to the revolution and that their criticism, encouraged in the 'hundred flowers' period, would have been useful to it. Few of them, I think, would complain of being compelled to do a share of manual work in the new communes, provided they could also express their individual minds. But it is just this right to think that the Communist Party hates. Because of their objectivity and their contacts with western thought, they have been bullied into abject submission. They have been put into the communes in order that they should cease to be intellectuals. Fanaticism lies not in ending a privileged class of mandarins, but in attempting to create an absolute uniformity of opinion.

Much that Dr Needham says about the vast economic and social revolution is true. Because economic life in China was on such a low level, very simple forms of collective work, and the provision of elementary tools and materials by local industries, can accomplish great immediate results and ensure the primitive capital accumulation that China needs. For this year, at least, popular enthusiasm and new organisation has produced a magnificent harvest, and village industries are growing apace. The younger generation of peasants are, of course, zealous for the new system which supplants an antique way of life in which the head of a family group was absolute and often tyrannical, in which the energy and hopes of youth were suppressed, and tens of millions of people lived without hope and often without rice. It has certainly never occured to me to fall into the errors which Dr Needham rightly castigates. Communal life must seem good to many Chinese peasants. They will certainly prefer to eat in restaurants than to starve at home. But I wonder how far Dr Needham has reconciled himself to the recent spate of propaganda in the Chinese press and the speeches of Communist leaders. At one leap forward, we learn, the Chinese people are to cease to be individuals and to be wholly absorbed within the community. The deep and natural relations of family life are treated as of no account; children are given prizes for informing on their parents. These speeches and articles do not even pretend to advocate tolerance for human idiosyncrasies. Individualism is damned, not in the economic sense in which we commonly know the term, but in the sense of the right to have any private life, physical, spiritual or intellectual.

In practice matters may not be pressed to this length. The Chinese have a great tradition of common sense. It is far too soon to prophesy an ant civilisation or to assert that the Age of Orwell is here. Already I read reports of speeches designed to modify official fanaticism. Leaders are finding it necessary to explain that the destruction of the old patriarchal family does not mean that ordinary family life is to cease or that parents are to be wholly separated from their children. There are complaints that cannot, it seems, be disregarded about the drill-sergeant discipline in the communes. There is something new in the combination of propaganda and *esprit de corps* which are now infused into every lesson of the day from early-morning calisthenics to the Marxist study circle at night But it seems to be already leading to discontent and I doubt if it can be maintained. It is hard, too, to believe that, in a country with so long a tradition of creative and intellectual activity, nothing is to remain except slogans about production and prize-winning poems and essays, which are not the fruits of individual minds, but of groups working under a Marxist teacher. No doubt, as former Chairman Mao reflects on the theoretical significance of the Chinese revolution, he will decide whether all this is a long-term strategy, or merely a tactical policy that will last until China's economy has passed through this period of crisis.

What should be the right attitude of western Socialists confronted with this extraordinary parody of their own picture of a co-operative society? We must not allow ourselves to drift into the mental attitude of the 'Tibetan Observer'.

Was there really any social or spiritual value of importance in the stagnant tyranny of the Tibetan lamasery? We may grant that there is value in the technique of Buddhist contemplation, but we must remember that it is a privilege of the well-fed lamas, not of the maltreated and neglected workers and servants who minister to their wants. In any event, the age-long religious rule of Tibet is at an end in the vast areas bordering China, which he mentions; it is also threatened in Lhasa itself. What all the lands bordering China now have to ask themselves is how they can accomplish by less drastic and human-destructive means the inevitable industrial revolution. The future depends on India's success in her democratic form of Socialist planning. India has begun with the advantage of western contacts and without the xenophobia from which the Chinese have always suffered. By the same token she is handicapped by the excessive individualism of her educated class, who are only very gradually learning that they should be playing a decisive role in the Indian industrial revolution. It should be their task, as it is the task of intellectuals in China, to work out the theoretical basis of India's economic revolution, and to explain its meaning to every village in India. It is an Indian, not a Chinese or Communist, revolution that is now in progress in India, and its energising force must come from within India. But in so far as it is handicapped by lack of capital, it will indeed be shortsighted for the West to be niggardly. A shortage of capital must lead either to stagnation or to forced development of the peasantry by means similar to China's. In short, the survival of everything valuable that the West has brought into human society depends upon the industrial countries learning to co-operate with Asian Socialism. I am doing no disservice to this cause when I protest at its fanatical aspects. But we shall be digging our own graves if, not realising that it is inevitable and desirable, we fail to do what we can to co-operate with its finer purposes.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Kenya Powder Keg

(From a Special Correspondent)

KENYA is in the grip of tension even more severe than that of the pre-Mau Mau period. Thousands of detainees have returned to their villages; speedy land consolidation has aroused deep-seated fears of land hunger; unemployment is widespread; an endless stream of half-empty European cars bears down Delamere Avenue, while thousands of black men and women walk for miles along the roads to locations and mud-hut villages. The racecourses, restaurants, hotels and clubs are crowded with white patrons – apparently oblivious of the thousands of sullen, angry, dangerous Africans who surround them, convinced that their day is near at hand. This is a classic setting for insurrection.

Meanwhile industrialisation continues apace. In Nairobi and Nakuru, factories and workshops – manufacturing cans, beer, bricks, timber, cement, cigarettes, soap, clothing and paint – surround Asian commercial offices. African purchasing power has been trebled in eight years; rural and industrial revolutions are breaking up the tribal economy; and the masses are moving into the towns. The distinction between the present situation and that immediately preceding the Mau Mau outbreak is that today there exists, instead of simply tribal traditionalists, a cadre of politicians. Moreover, despite the post-Mau Mau arming of the white population, and their immensely better organisation, cracks have begun to appear even among the ruling caste. Michael Blundell, though still chasing yesterday's shadows, has spoken of breaking the barrier round the White Highlands, while Shirley Cooke has even supported African members in the Legco.

Less than two years ago the first African elections were held and eight members elected to the Legislative Council. Once political representation was established, it inevitably created its own momentum. If over 50 million people are given eight members to represent them, while another 50,000 have 16, the pressure for increased representation is irresistible. The elected African members have consistently refused government office, and have thus destroyed the basis of the Lyttelton 'settlement' which was to have lasted until 1960. The Europeans have not had the courage to face the stark fact that their only long-term hope of retaining any form of political influence was to discard racial representation and come to terms with the Africans and Asians on the basis of a common roll. Basically the African members on their side refuse to accept the proposition that the racial groups in Kenya should work out their own constitutional solution, because they claim that European power can block their legitimate progress. They have, therefore, consistently demanded to negotiate direct with Britain.

Mr Lennox-Boyd has thus had no choice but to make his own decisions. These have been based on the principles adopted by his predecessor – allowing African advance but restricting its inroads into European power. Thus he gave the Africans six more seats instead of the 15 they claimed, preserved European control of the Executive Council, counter-balanced direct African representation by instituting cross-bench seats to be elected by the whole Legislative Council, and created a Council of State to prevent discriminatory legislation. This constitutional award forced the African members to face a critical decision. They had the alternative either of using the added powers offered to gain a fresh momentum for political advance, or of continuing their tactics of boycott. The situation was somewhat similar to that faced by Kwame Nkrumah in 1950 when he was offered a constitution which he described as 'bogus and fraudulent'. Nkrumah decided to accept the powers offered and use them to achieve his aim. The Kenyans have taken the other line. Their decision was certainly influenced by their internal tensions. Tom Mboya is the African leader best known in Britain, but in Nairobi he is one of several – some of whom would like to adopt the Nkrumah line. But if they did so, they would certainly be repudiated and politically destroyed by the rest.

The African members have therefore adopted the same methods towards the Lennox-Boyd constitution as were successful in breaking that of Lyttelton. Their tactic since has been to refuse government office, reject the constitution and call for a full constitutional conference with the assistance of a constitutional adviser. They want Britain to affirm that the object of the political process in Kenya is to establish a fully democratic parliamentary system, with adult suffrage and majority rule. They insist that the stages towards this objective be laid down, and every move in the meantime be tested by how it furthers this aim. The government, on the other hand, now publicly supported by Mr Lennox-Boyd's recent statement, refuses to consider any constitutional change. It points out that the present constitution has been in operation for less than a year, insists that no further communal representation be allowed and that the present principle of multi-racial government be accepted. Both sides have therefore taken up rigid positions from which they cannot retreat without loss of face; and the Africans have recently been talking of 'positive action', a phrase borrowed from Nkrumah, and probably implying civil disobedience. Whether this will be passive or violent time alone will tell.

Kenya is thus facing immediately a new period of conflict which will be far more severe than anything known in the past. The Africans now believe that time is on their side and that victory is in the long run inevitable. The only alternative to a tragic trial of strength is for the British government to state categorically – as the Labour Party has done – that its ultimate objective is to create a democratic state in Kenya. This would certainly lift much of the tension from the African community and might allow a period of private talks which could eventually result in a full-scale conference. If the government has not the courage or the conviction to take this step, it will soon be faced with a conflict which could not be confined to Kenya. For hovering over Kenya is the grim spectre of Central Africa. Africans are fully convinced that the intention of the Kenyan Europeans is to follow the model of the Rhodesias. Last week's conference in Accra showed the new African consciousness of a common purpose. The spark which ignites the Kenya powder-keg could touch off an explosion which would rock the whole of Africa.

Noble Savages

The last 300 Boers, descendants of those who set out for Angola from the Transvaal in 1874, have been returning via South-West Africa. A repatriation committee has been trying to raise £30,000, and farmers are considering jobs for them as foremen, supervising African labour. Most of them are reported to be illiterate and unskilled.

For these poor savages a kindly nation
Offers free travel, rehabilitation . . .
A sum of thirty thousand pounds is named
(They cannot dig – to beg they are ashamed)
And Afrikaners wrack their brains, devising
Schemes to employ their talents supervising.

Thus the Japhetic oaf, devoid of skill,
Is still a voting citizen and still
Employable, because the ethnic schism
Enforces pigmentary nepotism:
Poor devils – why, they cannot read or write,
But, after all, at least their skins are white.

And soon, as foremen on extensive farms,
Their racial virtues and their ethnic charms
Will be among the bastions which protect
Those things for which the Boers have often trekked:
Baaskap and Calvinistic blood and thunder
And chattel slavery and the right to plunder,

And Culture of a pure Caucasian kind
(Proprietary to the Racial Mind),
Civilisation, higher education
For the Elect, by careful segregation –
The *Sjambok* now is the Good Shepherd's rod,
The epidermis is the road to God.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

London Diary

I HAVE in front of me an appalling document. It is a detailed statement made by Captain E. Law, who has been dismissed from his job as an official in the Prison Department in Kenya. Mr John Stonehouse, MP, has sent it to the Colonial Secretary and tabled a question requiring a written answer. The statement is a factual record of atrocious beatings alleged to have been carried out by the Chief Warden and some of his subordinates at Kamiti New Prison. He declares that he was an eyewitness of atrocities committed on men and women, and in particular describes how 300 Africans transferred to Kamiti were terrorised into submission three days before the visit of the Queen Mother. These allegations are such as cannot be brushed aside as some past charges of brutality in Kenya prisons have been. Captain Law is prepared, on oath before a legal tribunal, to give the names of those whom he accuses and of witnesses of the atrocities. It cannot be enough for the Secretary of State to say that Captain Law is an unreliable witness. If his statements are not basically correct Captain Law must be suffering from delusions or have laid himself open to a charge of criminal libel. Mr Lennox-Boyd must clearly set up an inquiry of a kind that will convince the world one way or another.

* * *

The poem we publish this week by Reginald Reynolds must have been the last he wrote, left with us when, on the invitation of the Society of Friends, he went a month ago to Australia. This week, lamentably, he died at Adelaide. The poem is peculiarly fitting; it deals with the cause which he always had most at heart. His last book was devoted to race relations in Africa, just as two of his earlier books were the product of experience in the relations of Britain and India. He was a passionate fighter for Indian independence and as a young man suddenly became famous as the bearer of messages between Gandhi and Lord Irwin. But no one was ever less interested in fame or money or a career. He was a rare human being, a 17th-century Quaker saint living out of his time today – or perhaps, as I sometimes think, living as more people must live, if individuality and a knowledge of things that make for happiness are to survive in an Admass age. The point of his book, *The Wisdom of John Woolman*, is that great causes, such as the abolition of slavery, are won not only by practical people, but by the disinterested devotion of the unpractical. In spite of dangerously ill health, he went on a mission to Japan last year and volunteered to be a member of the group who wished to go to the Pacific to protest against British atomic tests there. But how wonderfully wrong an impression of Reynolds would be if I stopped at this point! For he was also a rollicking scholar in strange by-ways; a classical scholar who wrote a delightful frolic on Beards. As successor to Sagittarius, he has contributed weekly satirical poems in which he let loose his bitter resentment against politicians who make a mockery of the Christianity in which he believed. There will be a memorial meeting at Friends House on 1 January, at 6 p.m.

* * *

A pleasing aspect of the Chinese revolution, often forgotten by westerners, is vividly illustrated by a story told me by Ella Winter on her return from a recent visit. The commune she was being taken to see was like many others, and when she sat down 'round the usual long table laid with Thermos and mugs for green tea', she expected to be smothered with the usual shower of statistics about production, the number of illiterates who can now make out enough pictograms to read the newspaper and so forth. Instead of that the young woman in charge – the vice-chairman of the commune – began at once an indignant tirade. She described how she was sent at the age of twelve to work as a servant for a rich man who beat and starved her till she ran away. The rich man was her father's landlord; her father was thrown into jail and the family had nothing to eat. Two babies died on a diet of roots and leaves, and her mother, in desperation, sold her to be the slave of another rich peasant. She became a concubine in exchange for a sack of rice and her father's release from jail. After seven years came the war of liberation; and she joined the Communist militia. After victory she was sent back to her village, where she went to school for three months and learned to read. Now, she explained, her family worked in the commune and she was married to an ex-liberation soldier and had two small children. 'And what', Ella Winter asked, 'became of the rich peasant whose concubine you were?' 'He is here', she was told, 'working in one of our factories'. 'Do you ever see him now that you are vice-chairman in charge of forty-five thousand people and he is a humble worker?' Yes, she saw him. 'And what do you talk about?' 'Oh', said the vice-chairman, 'production'.

* * *

From what book is the following passage taken?

> There is something doubtless absurd in the intensity of the worship paid to the fox by hunting communities. The animal becomes sacred, and his preservation is a religion. His irregular destruction is a profanity, and words spoken to his injury are blasphemous. Not long since a gentleman shot a fox running across a woodland ride in a hunting country. He had mistaken it for a hare, and had done the deed in the presence of keepers, owner, and friends. His feelings were so acute and his remorse so great that, in their pity, they had resolved to spare him; and then, on the spot, entered into a solemn compact that no one should be told. Encouraged by the forbearing tenderness, the unfortunate one ventured to return to the house of his friend, the owner of the wood, hoping that in spite of the sacrilege committed, he might be able to face a world that would be ignorant of his crime. As the vulpicide, on the afternoon of the day of the deed, went along the corridor to his room, one maid-servant whispered to another, and the poor victim of an imperfect sight heard the words – 'That's he as shot the fox!' The gentleman did not appear at dinner, nor was he ever again seen in those parts.

* * *

The young philosopher who opened the discussion on *Dr Zhivago* at the ULR Club on Monday night was well above my head. And it was the only white head among his hearers. I think he was above the heads of most of them – indeed of anyone who has not followed the dialectical argument which has been raging round the book while I was surf-bathing in the Pacific. But that is the most interesting thing about this club. The speakers talk up, and not down, to their audience. They are nearly all intellectuals, some wise, some crazy, but all of them possessed of the essential excitement and curiosity of youth. The Marquee, where they meet, is as bizarre in decoration as any hall you will find. It contains a surprising number when the floor is packed with squatters. Nobody cares how anyone dresses or how late the meeting begins. Several solemn *tricoteuses* were already at work waiting for the tumbrils when I arrived on time, at least half an hour before we settled down. This movement has all grown up in little more than a year, and it has already started, at *The Partisan*, the kind of club where one can eat, talk and have meetings. I have heard proposals for such a club discussed in the Labour movement ever since the death of the 1917 Club many years ago. But these young people have pulled it off in no time. The two journals which reflect this movement – the ULR *Review* and the *New Reasoner* – have each produced first-class issues this week. I particularly liked the *New Reasoner* editorial on 'John Stuart Mill and Eoka' which makes the unhappy contrast between the vigour of radical protest against colonial atrocities in the last century and the failure of too many 'liberals' to speak out against our policy in Cyprus.

* * *

Many of the older generation of *NS* readers will remember the initials S.L.B. They appeared regularly at least once a month for many years, next to those of YY. Bensusan (who I regret to see died this week at the age of 86) was one of a brilliant team collected by this journal's first editor, Clifford Sharp. It was in this journal that he first made his reputation. He knew about a lot of things, including music and folklore. But in the wide field of agriculture and the countryside he was an expert who could write for the layman and was an artist in his profession. He would explore the prices of vegetables in Covent Garden, tracking them down like a detective through various middle men to their ultimate source, the sweated village labourers who were his friends at home. Eventually he left off collecting material in the highways and by-ways and retired to the country and devoted himself to books and farming. Eastern lore and theosophy got into his gardening, and he passionately believed in the efficacy of planting by moonlight. In retirement he wanted a new outlet for his immense fund of Essex dialect stories. I recall his elation when he became a great success as a radio storyteller.

* * *

'Well,' I said, as I closed *Lolita*, 'if I were George Weidenfeld I would not publish that.' 'Ah,' said my friend, 'but if you were George Weidenfeld you would.'

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

How careful one must be when a TV camera or mike lurks nearby. In News Review (BBC, 2.35) Princess Margaret shouted *'What?'* to an official she didn't quite hear.

The parents I spoke to afterwards were unanimous. They all teach their children to say *'Pardon?'* – *Daily Herald*. (M. S. Richards.)

I have put in such a lot of work teaching my blue budgie to say my fiancé's name, Bertie, and now I have met a marvellous boy called Archie, and I want to break off my engagement. It is very awkward hearing my budgie calling the wrong name all the time. Would it be heartless to get rid of him? – Letter in *Sunday Dispatch*. (Anthony Cowley.)

I feel sure I am not alone in regretting that Christmas should be an occasion for the slaughter of an exceptionally large number of birds and beasts. The sight of rows of carcases in the shops always seems to me painfully at variance with the original spirit of the festival – for Christians, at least. – Letter in *Observer*. (E. D. Jones.)

Confessions of an Egghead

THE first contemporary hero I consciously had was Woodrow Wilson. I saw this solemn-faced American on the old flickering silent film. He was wearing a top hat, which he raised from time to time. It seemed to me that he had come as a saviour among us; that his Fourteen Points would deliver mankind from the evils of war for evermore, and that under the auspices of the League of Nations the reign of freedom and brotherhood must prevail. When this did not happen, I was confident that his purposes had been frustrated by wicked, selfish men. It did not occur to me that the purposes themselves might be mistaken.

Subsequent judgments and admirations have little better withstood the test of time. As a leader-writer on the *Manchester Guardian* I used to argue with great passion that the virtuous Germans were only claiming their just rights in Europe, malignantly opposed therein by the French, whose ruthless and unscrupulous exercise of power politics threatened to involve us all in another war. Alas, only a few years later the roles had changed. The virtuous Germans were voting in large numbers for Hitler, while the malignant French represented the champions of justice and freedom. Their *Grande Armée* whose maintenance had been so roundly denounced became (again mistakenly, as it turned out) a blessed bulwark of righteousness.

Again, in India it seemed to me clear that once the British Raj was ended, communal and other troubles would all automatically vanish. The alien imperialists must go, and then Gandhi would take over and his humane notions prevail. Certainly I did not foresee that the British Raj would end in a bloody and impracticable partition, whose ill consequences for both Moslem and Hindu are with us still. Yet again, I first thought that the Soviet regime had fulfilled all the promises of human felicity ever made, and then, having spent a year in the USSR, that it must collapse under the weight of its cruelty and oppression.

The fact is that eggheads (taking an egghead to be one who approaches life in terms of ideas rather than of what seem to be immediate realities) are nearly always wrong. It might be argued that they were right about the Spanish civil war. Even in this case, however, in retrospect, the awkward thought arises that the most probable alternative to a Franco government would have been one more or less subservient to Moscow. Such a government, in 1940, during the operation of the Nazi-Soviet pact, would probably have been induced by Stalin, as part of other bargains on his own frontiers, to let the Wehrmacht march through Spain, and thence to North Africa, whereas Franco, with surprising toughness resisted all Hitler's persuasions to agree to this.

Past eggheads seem to have been as unfortunate in their prognostications and misguided in their enthusiasms as contemporary ones. They had as foolish expectations, and said as foolish things, about the French Revolution as we did about the Russian one. An egghead like Hazlitt went on regarding Napoleon as the poor man's friend with the same idiot persistence as his like a century later persisted in seeing in Stalin the practical implementer of the Sermon on the Mount. Again, take the case of Dr Johnson. He was convinced that the American colonists' demands were preposterous and indefensible, and that anyway little more was likely to be heard of them. The political ideas of Voltaire and Rousseau seemed to him so obviously depraved and ludicrous that no one would ever heed them. As for Gibbon and Hume—they were outside the pale. Johnson, of course, was a Tory, though many of the views he expressed were on the side of the angels. He was a strong believer in poor people having more money; he was always ready to do anything he could to save convicted criminals from the gallows, and his *Life of Savage* is the most sensitive and uncensorious biography in the English language. As for his personal charity—it was fabulous. His house was full of down-and-outs of various kinds, and of his pension of £300 a year he gave away all but £75.

Johnson, as I have said, was a Tory. What, then, about Marx and Engels who confidently predicted that the proletariat would triumph in their time? Or, for that matter, what about the founder of the Christian religion, who encouraged his followers to believe that the end of the old, cruel way of life was at hand and the reign of righteousness imminent?

The truth is, surely, that liberalism, in one variation or another the egghead's credo, may be strategically sound, but is tactically fallacious, and as such highly misleading as well as highly destructive. Indeed, in my opinion, it is *the* destructive force of the age. Propositions of our time like Communism, which unashamedly recommend violence and destruction, have also presupposed a consequent stability. They are essentially conservative, stabilising forces. There is to be a big bang, and then quiet. Liberalism, on the other hand, presupposes what is unattainable—that we, little men and women, should live in amity together on our minute corner of the universe for the few score years vouchsafed us, of our own volition seeking one another's good and sharing equitably the material things which satisfy our needs and desires. This is a fantasy. This, in human terms, cannot be. Therefore, the effect of believing in it is constantly to tear the world to pieces.

In this sense, the persecutors of eggheads have some justification. When egghead flowers blossom, as the Chinese say, they are liable to turn into weeds, and then they have to be uprooted. Brains have to be washed because, from the point of view of those who want to maintain order—any sort of order—unwashed, they are a menace. We have all written righteously indignant paragraphs to solace ourselves about Mr So-and-So, Herr So-and-So, Señor So-and-So, Comrade So-and-So, a mild man who spent all his time browsing among his books, and never had anything to do with plots and strategems, but who none the less had been wickedly imprisoned or shot, and what a monstrous thing it was. Of course it was monstrous. But it was also sensible. If you want to have a stable society getting richer and richer (which is what the majority of mankind now want, and perhaps always have wanted) you just cannot afford to let mild men browse quietly among books. I am not suggesting they should necessarily be killed or imprisoned. Stalin and Senator McCarthy were simple hearts whose methods lacked subtlety. A less ostentatious, and perhaps in the long run more efficacious procedure is to buy them off with regius professorships and other like offices, or to get them attached to some church or other, the more authoritarian the better. But just browsing they are a menace.

After all, it was not Hitler or Stalin or Mr Dulles or even Field-Marshal Montgomery who invented atomic fission and made possible all its deadly affiliates, but a rum-looking egghead, Einstein, scribbling on a piece of paper. It was not Napoleon who made the French Revolution; but a crazy Swiss, who took to knitting and to dressing up in Armenian costume, had a lot to do with it. Stalin, when he killed off all his eggheads like Bukharin, was only establishing a sound and stable government. In this country the victims would have been given the OM and sent to the House of Lords, but the end result would have been the same. They would have been silenced. One or two of them, for form's sake, might even have been left at large, with the possibility of appearing on television or otherwise propounding ideas through the BBC filter. Why purge when the same objective can be painlessly achieved? Broadcasting House washes whiter.

The basic egghead fallacy, the fallacy of liberalism which makes it in practice so destructive a force, is, it seems to me, that it implies the possibility of achieving imaginative ends by the exercise of the will. Actually, these two—the will and the imagination, or, to put it another way, power and love—are in conflict. They pull in opposite directions, and cannot, without the most disastrous consequences, be harnessed together. If the operations of the will are judged in terms of the imagination, the judgment must necessarily be false. None the less, it is the fate of the egghead to attempt this impossible feat. He buys every gold brick because, imaginatively, its glitter is convincing. When, however, he goes to sell it he finds it is worthless. And quite often he has it thrown at his head for his pains.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Studying Crime

UNLESS criminology is now to become one of the dirty words, we must carefully tend and nourish the difficult social study which it none too aptly describes. The way things are moving, it may soon be necessary to defend it tooth and nail against the reactionaries and punishers; for public money is going to be spent on it, just as if this were a foreign country. Its champions and enemies have their forces at the two oldest universities. There is a stronghold at Cambridge, which has had a Department of Criminal Science for some years—this is to be the home of the projected Institute of Criminology, for 'the training to post-gradute level of those who will carry out criminological research and teach others'; and there is what you might call a weakhold at Oxford, where it is proposed to abolish, as a fringe activity not worth its trifling cost, even the Readership in Criminology which has been held for so long and with such distinction by Dr Max Grünhut. The *Oxford Magazine* rightly protests that, 'so far from being a fringe activity, criminology has sufficient claim to be treated as an applied science and has affinities with medicine, law, and sociology'. The fact that in England such a plea should be necessary after all these years suggests that criminology can still be regarded, even in the academic world, as akin to witchcraft. It might have had a better chance if we had called it criminal anthropology—it is wonderful what a few extra syllables can do.

Those European and American states which have institutes of criminology support them largely out of state funds, with (it seems) no very clamorous objection from the taxpayers. It looks as if our institute, when we get it, will have to be financed by industry and the charitable foundations, by private fund-raising and (perhaps) by a trickle from the Sunday cinema takings. There is a hint of danger, too, that it may begin life as yet another social research foundation, devoting

itself mainly to specialist studies and reports for the consumption of specialists. This kind of thing is already being done, on begged money, by several universities and voluntary societies (and on Treasury funds by the Home Office Research Unit), though these seem to be concerned mainly with the effectiveness of present treatments and punishments. The study of crime, of criminal statistics, of criminal law, of punishment, of criminal sociology involves the study of the self-same social conditions; and the segregation into separate disciplines that has now been going on for more than a century was strikingly illustrated by the list compiled – I think for the first time – by Dr Leon Radzinowicz in his essay on 'The Meaning and Scope of Criminal Science'*. All these phrases, moreover, have different meanings for different authors:

> Criminology, criminal science, criminal anthropology, criminal biology, criminal psychology, prison anthropology, criminal psychiatry, criminal psychopathology, criminal sociology, penal philosophy, criminal statistics, penology, prison science, prison pedagogy, police science, forensic psychiatry, medical jurisprudence, legal medicine, criminal law, penal legislative policy, criminal prophylaxis.

Revolting enough in the mass, these 'ologies' show at least the complexity which the subject must have been *thought* to have by their ologists; but they are in fact the consequence of restricting what I prefer to call criminal science for so long to the study of criminal law alone.

The United States Institute of Mental Health has a project in operation at the University of Pennsylvania which, it seems to me, shows exactly what ought to be done. This integrates legal and sociological teaching in such a way as to embrace the widest possible concept of criminal science, studying the individual, his society, and *all* society as presenting aspects of the same problem, none complete in itself. It has been realised that, whenever sociology and psychiatry have been applied to practical problems, it has been because there was enough *incentive* to draw qualified researchers out of their normal seclusion. Intelligence testing, for example, grew to its present stature because its value was recognised in the world of education and child welfare. Industrial psychology has reached its firmly established position because industry has been ready to pay hard money for the help it was found to offer. For while the captains of commerce will underwrite this kind of experiment for some of the time, they will not go on doing it for 30 years, as they have even in this country, unless it shows results. (In 1946 our own Probation Service commissioned the National Institute of Industrial Psychology to investigate the work of probation officers and the personal qualities it demanded: its report has ever since been the basis of selection procedure for training.)

Nor is there any reason why this work should be confined either geographically or academically; these are both ways of setting up a closed shop, creating a gap between crime and the rest of human conduct. In this country, as elsewhere, the law schools are the obvious centres for an integration of research and teaching, of the statistical and the clinical methods of investigating the causes and prevention of crime. It is along these lines, for example, that our criminal courts must pursue the kind of sentencing policy which is (or should be) at present occupying the attention of Mr Justice Streatfeild's committee. And there is a further reason why it would be lamentable if the new Institute of Criminology were to be a

* *The Modern Approach to Criminal Law*. Macmillan, 1946.

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research institute merely: its existence could then serve as a permanent government excuse, like a Royal Commission in perpetuity, for 'not being in a position to make any statement until we know the results of the inquiry which is presently proceeding'.

But even if it fulfils all the brightest hopes, there will remain, for geographical reasons at the very least, a self-evident need for such a school in London, offering a series of courses, in particular, which would be open to all the services, professional as well as voluntary, concerned with predelinquency, crime, punishment, and after-care. For my part I should like it to be a centre of advice, as well as of research, conference, and education, to which any member of those services (probation, police, prison, remand home, borstal, approved school, after-care) could go for expert help in unusual problems, personal or occupational. Its lectures would cover the study of man and his impulses and biological needs, the whole function and history of the criminal law, the preparation of criminal cases for trial, the treatment of convicted offenders, and a deep study of the true public interests involved in the ageless phenomenon of crime.

But this new and widespread legal education would need a public relations technique that no university law school has hitherto thought respectable. Its real job would be to call in the help of the whole country in a campaign of what the American universities call preventive criminology. And its constant note of inquiry might well be the question fired at the American Bar Association in 1920 by Mr Justice Holmes: 'What have we better than a blind guess to show that criminal law in its present form does more good than harm?'

C. H. ROLPH

Contributors to the Winter Number (now out) include **Ken Alexander, Dr. D. G. Arnott, V. G. Kiernan, Malcolm MacEwen, Alasdair MacIntyre, John Marshall, Ronald L. Meek, Tom Mboya, Iris Murdoch** and **John Saville.** They write about 'revisionism" and race riots, Kenya's constitutional crisis, Pu-240, 'Conviction,' Wordsworth and Cyprus. There are poems, drawings and stories; reviews and international comment. In a special document from the Russian, a Moscow critic slangs John Berger, the 'obsequious apologist of Modernism.'

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I Remember

WITH 'Kerry' Michael, a tramp whose stage Irish is a valuable part of his stock in trade, a working tramp well known in our parish where he often winters, I walked down through the village for a drink after a day's threshing. He has a beautiful springing step although he's close on 60; he has eyes of a very sharp, serene blue; he has no teeth in his head at all.

'Excuse me now asking, Mr J, but was you ever at a place they call Ruskin College in Oxford?'

'No,' I said.

'Funny thing,' he said, 'but you're the dead spit of a man as took me in for a feed there once, years and years back, me and a mate of mine. Time when the Hunger Marchers went through Oxford.'

'I remember,' I said.

'I was doing a spell at the window-cleaning just then. Lovely game. Lovely. Every time there was a student in the room you were doing, you just tapped, respectful mind you, on the window and you said, "You haven't a wore-out old shirt you could spare, now have you, sir? I haven't one to my back." And 90 times out of nine he'd fish one out of a drawer and hand it over good as gold. Some I've even known as would run to pyjamas as well, or underclothes, or jackets or any mortal thing. Then it would be off with you sharp to the pawnshop in St Ebbes. Lovely it was in they days. Mark you, being all gentlemen's sons, they had some funny ways, these students.'

'I remember,' I said.

'You never knew what to expect. Take one day I was on Magdalen Bridge, leaning quiet, thinking maybe this maybe that, when three or four of them come up, big strapping fellows they was too, and took a hold of me. They hoist me over the parapet, hung me down head-first by the heels and then let go, and me screeching fit to die I couldn't swim. And they all jumped straight after me, got me to the bank and then, Name of God, carried me shoulder high up the High Street, all of us dripping and them singing some terrible song at the top of their voices. And in we marched into an outfitter's shop and they said to the boss, "My man," they said, "fit up this gentleman with a new rig. From top to toe, from head to bleeding foot. And the very best, mind you, the very best you've got in all your god-forsaken establishment."'

We were passing the church now and I knew at once that Squadron Leader Delabole was back on leave, for the organ was being played incomparably better than it normally is. Our vicar's only son, he likes to get in an hour's practice most evenings whenever he is home.

'What was this about Ruskin?' I said when Michael and I were in the bar.

'Oh that! Yes, yes. Well this Ruskin College man mistakes us for Hunger Marchers, see? and says to come in for a feed, and we don't let on of course. Oh no! And he takes us into a great room where they're all at their dinners and says to the head man, "Do you mind, sir," says he, "if I invite these poor marchers to share our meal with us?" And the head man says, "Delighted! Delighted, I'm sure!" Then and there up comes for us such dollops of scoff like you never saw in your—'

'Yves!' I called out to my cousin Lucy's husband who at this moment came in. 'A glass of—what?' A big, modest man from Arles, a good architect but better known for his old skill at *rugby à treize,* he was on his twice-yearly visit to our village.

Introduced, Michael hurried, stuttered almost, to say, 'I've seen noses like yours before, begging your pardon, sir. Your nose says you've been in the ring, your nose, sir, and the shoulders you have on you. A light-heavy at the least?'

'Wrong,' said Yves. 'My poor distorted nose? The boot of a gangster made it. The heel of the boot.'

'Is that so now?' said Michael, making genteel pretence at a lack of curiosity.

'You remember my sister?'

'But of course! Of course!' I remembered her, that lonely, laughing woman. I'd stayed at her house, miles out on the Camargue, an apricot house in a landscape figured with horses and bulls and flamingoes. How could one possibly not remember that and her!

'My nose is as you see it because I persuaded her to impersonate our first famous woman deputy'.

'Marthe Richard?'

'Marthe Richard. I did it only for a joke, a big practical joke. It was in '47 when Marthe was propounding her law to shut down the brothels. During the Occupation, you know, I had something to do with gangsters in Marseille. Some of them did very good things for France at that time. Well. Please imagine the reactions to Marthe's proposals on the organisers of the brothel cartel in Marseille. In Marseille! A frenzy of alarm, suicidal alarm, I tell you, and a fury of heroic size. My God, it was comic to see! So because my sister is sufficiently like Marthe Richard, I could not resist my impulse. I let it be known that she was a friend of mine, that I might be able to persuade her to meet them, but ah-ha so secretly; and that if they gave her royal treatment and presented their arguments with a dignified yet burning logic, she might, she just possibly might reconsider her . . . oh it was beautiful, I tell you, beautiful.

'Well. They did it. They dressed themselves with sombre refinement. They bought or blackmailed a most virtuous-looking, respectable-looking troop of women to act as their wives. They put on, at that time of very great shortage, a fantastic banquet, an absolutely superb banquet. They even made set speeches—all of which I wrote myself. And my sister played Marthe Richard to perfection. For me it was far, far better than any theatre. For was I not author, director, actor and audience all at the same time! I just cannot describe to you the joy I had from it. I am almost sure it was worth the month in hospital that it cost me.'

'They rumbled you?'

'Of course, of course! But not for some time. When they did, they sent a small party of specialists to deal with me. A delightful September evening it was, with a full moon half-way up the sky. From flat on my back on the pavement I saw this moon through their legs and it looked so absurdly artificial, so quite geometrically round and plane, you know, flat. I shall never forget that I remarked this the moment before I lost consciousness.'

'Queer you mention that, sir,' said the landlord, 'but the one and only bit in my war that really sticks with me, that's still as clear as yesterday—*this* thing had to do with the moon looking like it had been done with a pair of compasses, same like you say.' Turning to me—we had soldiered together solid for six years—he said: 'You remember Monte Odorisio—just before the Sangro do?'

'Yes,' I said. 'I do remember.'

'I've always seen the full moon as solid round, round like a balloon, round like a Christmas pudding, sort of, if you see what I mean. But never

flat like a – a penny. Except this once at Monte Odorisio. The moon *and* the sun too. That's the point. This place where we were was highish up and we had a fine all-round field of view and it so happened I had some sort of guard duty or something, I forget now, at sunset and then again at dawn. And there I am when up bobs this bloody great round flat moon and down slides this bloody great round flat sun just so's you'd think they was coloured discs on the ends of a stick someone's turning slowly over and round. And a repeat performance again at dawn. Proper seesaw affair. Never seen it before or since. Perhaps I remember it so clear because less than an hour after that same old dawn Jack Goss . . .'

'I remember,' I said.

The door opened and Squadron-Leader Delabole came smiling in.

'What an elegant tan you've got yourself,' I greeted him. 'Where've you been?'

'Marvellous to be back,' he said. 'Have a pint. Christmas Island.'

'Good God!' I said.

'Quite an experience,' he said. 'Impressive is the word. Or agog-making. I was 20 miles from one of the things when it went off and I had my back turned square to it and my eyes screwed shut and it was blazing daylight at the time. But still it came through bright and clear. As Persil-white as a streak of lightning, old boy.'

'What sort of height was it?' said Yves. 'What was the . . .'

'Shall we talk about the cost-of-living index?' said Delabole. 'Or women, or something?'

'I am foolish,' said Yves. 'Forgive me, please. Which way did you come home?'

'Honolulu – Los Angeles – New York. In Los Angeles we went on the thrash, two or three of us, with some quite decent Yanks we picked up with. Nothing but this vodka-and-tomato-juice stuff for some strange reason. Quite horrible really – but it works all right. And d'you know what we did in New York? We were flat broke for dollars after the thrash and we'd some time to kill before the plane, so d'you know what we did? We went on one of those conducted tours of the UN outfit. Remember the UN?' he said to me, not smiling. 'You used to be quite a UN fan yourself, back along. I've heard you hold forth in this very bar. Not once, not twice, but three-bags-full-sir.'

'I remember,' I said.

'Extraordinary place. Must cost the earth to run. Simply hopping with thousands upon thousands of bods doing their ten-to-four stint. We even saw the Security Chamber or what have you. The guide said the architect chap had deliberately left all the pipes and wiring systems and such all bare and visible just to make it plain that there's no frills or nonsense about this place. That this is where the real practical work gets itself done. Symbolic, sort of. Extraordinary.'

'What about this moan you see in some of the papers every now and then?' said the landlord. 'About what happens when some of these other countries get one. Albania, say, or old Nasser. Places like that.'

'This bomb thing, d'you mean? Damn good job in a way if the Wogs did get one. Hundred to one the silly inefficient bastards would go and blow themselves up with it.'

'That'll be the day,' said 'Kerry' Michael, winking one large, anarchical eye.

Yves shrugged and said nothing.

I, God rot me, shrugged too and called for another round.

'Happiness always has to be paid for,' said the landlord *à propos*, so it seemed, of nothing at all.

VERNON JOHNSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Father of the Man

INSIDE every adult there is a child wildly signalling to be let out – yet a creature as inaccessible, stone-eyed, and mysterious as the animals, tiger or sloth or sleek Brazilian jaguar, who also lurk within us. It might seem strange, since all of us have been children ourselves, that our memories of that earlier state are so imperfect that it should be necessary, before a few generalisations about children can be risked, to set up an expensive academic inquiry, lasting four years, whose report (with tabular appendices, glossary, etc.) runs to 522 pages*. But then, television had not become what it is today when those now adult were children: the pre-TV child, whose leisure hours were filled in all sorts of curious old-fashioned ways, is suddenly a dying species.

That is, of course, an overstatement. Television *has* changed the pattern of many people's lives; but one of the main, and most reassuring, findings of this report is that it has influenced children's lives and attitudes – so far, at any rate – less than is sometimes supposed. The average number of viewing hours is only 12½ per week, and the delightful diary fragments published in the report show that most children still have plenty of other things to do. This is from one girl's diary:

> I went out with my friend. I had my tea. After I had finished I watched *Children of the New Forest* on TV. I did my homework, then climbed trees with some boys and girls. After that I went home and did my half-hour's practice with my elder brother who helped me. I read my *School Friend* and read the paper. I tidied my needlework box and my brother's toy-cupboard. When my father came home I showed him Mummy's birthday present and watched *Newsreel* on TV. I had my supper and went to bed.

A busy, and happy, little girl . . . unlike the confirmed TV 'addict', whom the Nuffield researchers found to be 'not an only child but an insecure one'. They also found that 'the more intelligent the child, the less likely is he to be an addict'. Among 13-14-year-olds, 'only a fifth of the grammar-school children were addicts, compared with half of those of average and below-average intelligence'. (But 'intelligence, rather than type of school, seems to be the operative factor here: among adolescents the incidence of addicts increased consistently with descending intelligence right down the scale. Had it been a function of type of school as well, we should have expected a sharper division between the grammar-school and the two groups of secondary modern school pupils'.)

These generalisations are reliable because they are based on an adequate sample, worked on with great skill, tact, patience and thoroughness. ('Machine tabulation of the results was complex . . . by the time summary and area-score cards had been punched, the total came to over forty 80-column cards per child.') The main survey was carried out in four places – London, Portsmouth, Sunderland, and Bristol. 'A total of 4,500 children was tested, leaving us (after the guest viewers and unmatchable cases had been discarded) with 1,854 matched viewers and controls.' The 'controls' were those children who had no TV at home: to do the inquiry at all, it was necessary to match each child exposed regularly to TV with a TV-less child who was in other respects as closely similar as possible. But because no two children are exactly identical, a second inquiry of a different sort was also undertaken – a 'before-and-after' study: this became possible because a new transmitter was opening at Norwich. So children in that area were tested at a time when few families had TV sets; a year later, children who had started to view regularly were compared with those who had not; and the results were related to those of the main survey.

We can, therefore, accept with some confidence the (in the main) surprising conclusions to which Dr Himmelweit and her colleagues have come – surprising just because they are so unsensational. These conclusions will disappoint both those who regard television as a great menace and those who exaggerate its potential educative value: the researchers found that it does not ruin children's eyesight or interfere seriously with their sleep, that they view selectively (with 'a great deal of variation in taste'), that violence in stylised Westerns and with guns does not disturb them unduly (but that they were terrified by, e.g., *Jane Eyre*), that viewing does not make them either more 'passive' or more enterprising, that it does not 'keep the family together' in any important sense, and that the gain in children's general knowledge (not from schools TV but from general viewing) is 'very slight'.

These findings are not less valuable for being largely negative. It is as important that we should not overestimate the significance of any new medium as that we should not underestimate it. One particularly useful corrective is the report's insistence on the impact on children of 'adult'

* *Television and the Child.* By HILDE T. HIMMELWEIT, A. N. OPPENHEIM, and PAMELA VINCE. *Oxford, for the Nuffield Foundation.* 42s.

PANEM ET CIRCENSES

Pity the Romans didn't have television. They liked their entertainment lavish and they liked it lurid. Yet it took more than gladiators to make a Roman holiday. With an exquisite taste for the finer things of life, the plebs demanded bread as well as circuses. Rome has spoken. Vox populi is the vox of breadagogues everywhere.

Patricians in the know about nutrition applaud the role that bread plays in the average diet. They say that bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and nicotinic acid, than any other single food.* With a performance like this, bread certainly deserves star billing on the family menu.

In pane veritas. The only plebeian thing about bread is its price. Although bread is the cheapest basic food you can get, it is also the best, in terms of food value per penny. So see your family eats plenty of good *fresh* bread every day.

*National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (Page 133) published by H.M.S.O.
In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24·7% of the energy; 26·3% of the protein; 26·9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24·2% of the nicotinic acid; 23% of the iron.

Note:—*All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0·24 milligrams.* Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1·60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1·65 milligrams.*

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TV programmes, up to 9 p.m. or later: in future, no one discussing this subject will be able to do so in terms of 'children's television' alone. The broadcasting authorities ought to distribute to their programme-planners and producers a digest of the report's main findings and of the 'suggestions' specifically addressed to them – such as that there should be more programmes for adolescents, that there should be a BBC-ITV 'truce' for the planning of children's programmes, that the number of crime thrillers shown between 6 and 9 should be reduced, and that early-evening programmes unsuitable for children should be so labelled in the *Radio Times* and *TV Times*. (One can foresee certain domestic difficulties in this one. . . .) There are interesting suggestions also for close collaboration between research workers and producers; and other suggestions are addressed to parents and to teachers.

There is one obvious deficiency in this monumental survey, and it is one of which the authors show themselves aware: they started work four years ago, before ITV existed at all, and when there were only (they say 'as many as'!) three million TV sets in Britain. Now there are nearly nine million sets, and the competition between BBC and ITV has become unforeseeably intense; their last analysis of programme-content on both channels was made in 1956. I am not sure that I agree that the effect of the competition on the programme-content is as superficial as they seem then to have found; and the fact that the bulk of the research was done before ITV had grown to its present size means that they treat rather perfunctorily, or not at all, some subjects and some individual programmes on which their findings would have been of value. It is only in the past year or two, for instance, that the Sunday-evening competition in religious programmes has developed intensively: ITV's *Sunday Break*, with its strange mixture of skiffle, raw anti-clericalism, and (sometimes) raw religiosity, has several million young viewers. The report has only one or two passing references to religion – and the questionnaire on the BBC series, *Jesus of Nazareth*, which it quotes, gives 'Hebrew' as the 'correct' answer to the question 'What language did Jesus speak?' (How about Aramaic?) The same is true of rock music: as I recorded last week, two million viewers under 15 are claimed for *Oh Boy*! Again, it would be interesting to know what children make of *Emergency – Ward 10*: there are episodes in it which they must find frightening, but it would seem (by its ingeniously diverse projection of nurses as women dedicated to their vocation who yet have plenty of opportunities for flirtation with handsome young men) to meet the report's demand for TV 'models for girls – women whom they would admire and whom they would feel like imitating'. Desirable, too, would be a more extended treatment of children's response to commercials, now increasingly aimed at them.

But this is not a criticism of the report, for it is fortunate for all of us that this study was begun just when it was: had it been delayed till now, when the country is nearly saturated with television, it would have been almost impossible to have carried it out at all, by the same methods. The deficiency can be supplied only by establishing continuous research on similar lines, at two levels – within the BBC and the programme-companies themselves and, at the universities, as part of a more profound and longer term study of the whole process of communication. The cost? Immense, of course: this massive first study alone is believed to have cost the Nuffield Foundation as much as four editions of *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*. But it would be infinitely worthwhile – especially if it could be extended to cover not only children but adults; so that we might gradually learn if there is as high a percentage of adult viewers as there sometimes seems to be whose mental age is but little above that of high-grade mental defectives.

TOM DRIBERG

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I Bite my Thumb, Sir

West Side Story really is terrific. I haven't had just such an evening in the theatre since . . . I don't remember when – perhaps when I first saw *Carmen* or *Traviata*. For its effect on you is more comparable to the effect of popular opera than anything else, I think. And the effect of anything that depends on music and, as in this case, movement is altogether different from the effect of a play which depends on words and acting. The effect is more simple, passionate and sensuous. *West Side Story* has just such a direct, uncomplicated attack on our feelings and, being finely organised, brilliantly told, and superbly performed, it is overwhelming.

They have been talking for a long time about the musical as a new form of folk art, but when it came down to it, the best they could produce was the pretty, sentimental mush of Rodgers and Hammerstein. Whether *West Side Story* is art or not is a question that perhaps needn't detain us ('art' as we now use the word being one of the conceptions we ought to banish from our thinking for fifty years). Whether it will last at all depends, I suspect, finally on the quality of the music, which I'm not competent to judge in these terms, though I suspect it won't. But what one can say is that *West Side Story* is the first musical which makes discussion in terms of folk art not absurdly pretentious.

This is because it really does try to subordinate all its many elements – story, decor, music, dance – to the total effect. The decor is not there to show off the gorgeous taste of the designer; the songs aren't there to show off the singer's voice nor to pile up the composer's royalties; the dancing is not brought in either as light relief or as a prestige art interlude. Here the different elements are all perfectly dovetailed, locked together to make an indivisible whole. Further, one feels in the end that this was the only way this particular story could be told.

The story is, as everyone knows, based on the Romeo-Juliet theme. A girl and a boy belonging to different irreconcilable factions fall in love and, because the factions to which they belong are not only irreconcilable but trigger-happy, their love must lead to their death. Mr Arthur Laurents, the author, doesn't press the parallel with Shakespeare; but he uses it, and with great tact and skill. He lets the echoes work for him when, without pressing, they can; and there's no doubt that those to whom these echoes are most audible will get most from the work. He starts off, indeed, with one great advantage over his model. An ancient feud between two Veronese families never does seem to a modern audience very vital, and that most careless of geniuses never bothered to make it seem so. Whereas we all know that racial feeling is literally a matter of life and death, and don't need to be told that when a gang of teen-age Americans meet a gang of Puerto Ricans, there are knuckle dusters and razor-blades only just out of sight.

This perhaps makes it easier for Mr Jerome Robbins, who is responsible for the choreography, and his direction to bring that first 'I bite my thumb at you' menacingly alive. But that again doesn't detract from the brilliance with which it is done. Mr Robbins may, perhaps, claim the lion's share in this success, for it is his choreography that largely carries the story forward with such an impact and with such a drive; and by choreography I mean the movement throughout rather than the set dances, of which there are comparatively few. This opening scene when the gang's first tangle creates a threatening tension which is never dropped. And the stance these boys adopt – their lunging poses, the set of their shoulders and legs – is as disturbing as their actions. The set dances, like the dream sequence, for instance, seem to me altogether less memorable than the style Mr Robbins finds – somewhere between the artifice of ballet and the clumsiness of realism – for their more everyday movement. It is extraordinarily impressive. And the problem, if you think of it, is considerable. The climax of the first act is the 'rumble', the set fight which the two gang-leaders fix to decide who owns the territory. The films have conditioned us to demanding a high degree of realism in this kind of gang-fight: ordinary audiences would hardly accept the conventions which ballet has developed as a substitute.

Here we are prepared for what is coming by a wonderful piece of business. Mr Oliver Smith, whose sets have a splendidly evocative simplicity, has produced a particularly dramatic design for this set, a concrete fly-over running diagonally away, stage right, and diagonally away from that a wire fencing 12-foot high; and as the boys assemble for the fight they come up and over this formidable obstacle as if it simply were not there. The ease with which they are over it is really terrifying. Then for the fight itself, which is to end in the death of the Tybalt and the Mercutio. Mr Robbins finds a convention which never lapses into conventionalism.

A playwright dealing with this plot would be all the time up against the difficulty that his characters were inarticulate. (It is Mr Arthur Miller's perpetual quandary.) Mr Arthur Laurents supplies the minimum of dialogue: he has organised his story brilliantly up to its climaxes and let Mr Robbins with his movement and Mr Leonard Bernstein with his music articulate the scheme for him. Mr Robbins's share in that is a complete success. Perhaps the music, and the

singing especially, is more in doubt. But if so, the failure is very comparative; and will tell against the work only in the long run. In the short, what is remarkable about this remarkable musical is its all-of-a-pieceness. Every element in it and every item, every performance and every contribution is concentrated on hitting us, simply sensuously and passionately, and that is just what it succeeds in doing. For once, the singling out of names for special applause really is invidious. This is a co-operative effort and every member of the co-operative deserves praise and will get at any rate *my* gratitude.

T. C. WORSLEY

Stravinsky Conducts

BERNARD Shaw once said that the Fabians were so intellectual that you had to stretch your forehead like a concertina in order to understand even their small-talk. That is nothing, however, compared with the effort to interpret the pronouncements which always follow the performance of any recent work of Stravinsky's in this country. If the music critic of *The Times* can declare that *Agon* 'has no rhythm', there seems no earthly reason why he should not go on to say that Beethoven's C sharp minor Quartet has no coherence, that Bach's *Kunst der Fuge* is sadly lacking in contrapuntal skill, that Einstein was a dunce at mathematics and Veronese colour-blind. But as though nonsense were not enough, he also has to tell us that Stravinsky has begun to 'flirt' with dodecaphony. No wonder continental musicians regard us as being incurably provincial, for such a remark shows no respect whatever for the greatest of living composers or for the conscience and integrity that go into the making of every bar that he writes.

It is curious to think that we are still fighting battles over a man of seventy-six. Can there be any other country in the world where critics still go on dredging up the old nationalist arguments, clinging desperately to the *Firebird*, dismissing each new work as a collection of 'anagrams and acrostics'? No one will deny that the *Firebird* is an excellent piece; but when it is used as a criterion for condemning other and far greater works I almost like to remember Debussy's ferocious judgment: 'I suppose we all have to start with *something*'. Consider for a moment the Andante of the *Symphony in Three Movements* which was played the other evening: music of the purest tenderness. It was written thirty-five years later than the *Firebird*, and how do the two compare? I should express the difference in this way. The *Firebird* has pages of great lyrical beauty, but the lyrical statements of advancing age are immensely more important to us than the outpourings of youth because they take so much more into account: they shine through the discipline and austerity that a mature view of life has imposed. And this happens in the *Symphony*. It happens very often in Stravinsky's later works. To say in face of such evidence that he never recovered after uprooting himself from Russia is quite absurd. On the contrary, he has composed great music at every stage of his career and the *Symphony in Three Movements* is one of his supreme achievements.

It formed the climax of last week's BBC concert at the Festival Hall, and it seemed more than ever a marvel of invention and of organisation. Hindemith apparently made the criticism that it contains 'too much accompaniment', and one can certainly think of many passages which give point to his remark. But I would have said that its chief attributes are inspired timing and an unfailing ear for the right sonorities at every juncture. It seems to depend on constant changes of instrumental texture and these follow one another with dramatic and exhilarating effect. What a difficult work it still is to play! There were splendid things in the BBC performance, but the brass were not impeccable and the pianist seemed to find her all-important part just too exacting. Nor did she seem very much happier when the *Symphony* was repeated at Maida Vale two evenings later, though otherwise the performances were incomparably better on that occasion. The first time out the strings went wrong in the *Pas de deux* of *Apollo*, but the second time they played the work superbly, and Stravinsky's conducting was an object-lesson in shaping every phrase with the utmost vitality. He always says that the conductor's only job is to keep the players together. That is a protest against vulgarity. But if you watch him you see that he 'lives' every particle of the music. He dances all the time. It is impossible to conceive of him *sitting down* to conduct; the spring and lightness would disappear.

And so we come back to *Agon*. One thing became very obvious when one heard it in the comparative intimacy of Studio 1 at Maida Vale. It needs to be played almost *en famille;* it is essentially chamber music and gets lost in a large hall. Its quality is still hard to judge, but I am inclined to say that it does not quite reach the level of the *Symphony in Three Movements*. Nevertheless it is a major work. Its tonal organisation is complex at times, but always 'heard', never arbitrary. Its instrumental writing is unique: compared with the softer ground of *Orpheus* everything is very bright, and hitherto unimagined textures are made to appear inevitable. It also has a convincing unity, despite the fact that it accommodates so many apparently irreconcilable features—Webern, the English virginalists, fourteenth-century cadences, twelve-tone music, non-twelve-tone music, echoes from many other works of Stravinsky, including the *Symphony in Three Movements*. Its rhythm. . . . Does Mr Macmillan's choreography at Covent Garden really prove that *Agon* 'cannot be danced to'? What if Mr Balanchine's production of the same work in New York proves the very opposite, as seems to be the case? The music itself has magnificent rhythmic invention from beginning to end.

Meanwhile, let us thank the BBC for giving us such a very great occasion; and let us hope that Igor Stravinsky will live at least another ten years, to give us further masterpieces and to reassure musicians everywhere by his continued presence and activity.

WILLIAM GLOCK

For Adults!

IN our vicarious way we leave sex films to the Continent, and seek them out in the far-flung little cinema. Bardot is coming to Mayfair; a naked girl runs from us on the beach in Kensington; the big shopping street has a house where they are at it on all floors and at all hours, almost under the eye of Auntie Mistletoe. Not all the spice goes into thick wedges of Christmas pudding; and surely, as we sink deeper and deeper in the treacle of mass-advertising, we deserve this one tiny life-saver?

The image of the girl on the beach haunts an Ingmar Bergman film: *Summer With Monika* at the Paris-Pullman. It couldn't be cut without violating the film; and this is the happy surprise with our sex imports, that among them are serious

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films, which perhaps might not reach us in any other way, and that the 'A' certificate may really for once mean what it says – For Adults. Such is the case, needless to say, with Bergman: this film made in 1952 from another's script nevertheless remains very much his. The beginning, which might be described as De Sica with overtones, picks up the meeting between two kids in a Stockholm café: he gets bullied in a china-packing store, she is pawed in a greengrocery business in a damp cellar. They go to a cinema, she finding tears, he a yawn; they wander at night, kiss on a hillside overlooking the water, dream of sex and escape; and she finds the excuse of a drunk father for them to throw up everything and go off in a boat for the summer. This idyll is sumptuously and sharply achieved, with gravities of landscape and human nature brought close such as only this director can realise. They are both little more than children, whose animal spirits shriek out on a lonely shore; the girl sets the pace, shameless, naive, with child's play taking leaps and bounds into experience; and a really extraordinary performance has been evoked from Harriet Andersson, held in the photographic grandeur that gives texture to psychological adventure. Bergman has superb confidence; he will go after Life with a capital L and excite us to the particular case and moment. The only weakness in the present film seems to me that their sated, edgy return to the smoke and the steel bridges is given too much finality for ear and eye, so that with subsequent developments, the forced marriage, the baby, the girl finding a lover, we have to brace ourselves for the sequel, immaculately though it may be enforced. This second thrust makes us acknowledge that the mere bid for experience wasn't nearly enough; but it also allows that pause, and the end, with the boy, deserted, carrying his baby through dark streets, raises questions. But this is film-making all-alive-oh, and let us be greedily thankful.

Duvivier's *The House of Lovers* (at the Cinephone) takes a Zola novel, *Pot-bouille*, and whips its sociology into meringue cases, tied with wicked pink bows. The starry cast (Gérard Philippe, Danny Carrel, Danièlle Darrieux), the period exuberances, cleft bosoms, whiskers and horses, the mad sub-titles ('lounge-lizard', 'it's raining, to boot'): all combine to make what should be a piece to run from shivering. But surprisingly, with firm lines of satire, the confection of caricature and sentiment buoys us along. It makes its two hours, with the aid of mannered farce, and is better Duvivier than we have seen for a long time, though one can't help regretting Zola.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Corb Goes to Liverpool

IT'S almost like *Jazz Goes to Birkbeck College*, except that there is ultimately a greater affinity between Le Corbusier and Liverpool, than between Birkbeck and Brubeck. The Merseyside metropolis of nineteenth-century industrialisation and smoke-blackened neo-Classical façades, like that of the Walker Gallery where the exhibition is on show, is a more than plausible setting for the ideas of an architect who has given us some of our most compulsive orientations toward industry and the classical tradition. Beyond that, Liverpool University's school of architecture has been for many years one of the places in Britain where Le Corbusier is most sympathetically understood. Add to this Hugh Scrutton's enterprise as director of the Walker, and the enterprise of Theo Crosby and the ICA in face of high-level negligence, and there is Liverpool thinking today what London will not be able to think until February.

But what is Liverpool thinking? Those who know their Corb will find most of the enlarged photographs and drawings that make up the bulk of the exhibition boringly familiar, and may find the paintings, sculptures and tapestries by his hand only marginally illuminating. Those who come to him with only the general acquaintance that is unavoidable through living in mid-century culture, will probably find the whole thing merely mind-stopping and baffling, or wildly breath-taking and inspiring – it depends on their susceptibility to the pictorial rhetoric of dramatic photographs of dramatic architectural forms, arranged loosely by themes, rather than by some discipline that might tell one something about the man whose seventieth birthday the show was supposed to honour.

On balance, both converted and unconverted, those who see the light and those who see only the grain of the photographs, will ultimately get more out of the models of the buildings, which are at least three-dimensional representations of three-dimensional art. About these, and particularly the beautifully made models of his Indian work, I hope to say more when the exhibition reaches the Building Centre in February.

REYNER BANHAM

'La Fête Étrange', at Covent Garden

In the Royal Ballet Svetlana Beriosova is the only ballerina, besides Margot Fonteyn, who can project her personality across the footlights with enough individual strength to permeate the Covent Garden auditorium. By comparison the other ballerinas of the company too often appear like sweet little, well-groomed white mice, tripping neatly. It was, therefore, right that Beriosova should be cast for the leading role in *La Fête Étrange*, a ballet of fastidious sensibility first arranged by Andrée Howard at the beginning of the war for a tiny company on an intimate stage. Now, enlarged, the leading parts demand dancers of particular distinction. Beriosova plays the Bride, estranged from the Groom on her wedding day by the sudden infatuation of a country boy, who wanders into the celebration by chance. Emotionally she is still too reserved: she cannot show quite enough initial uncertainty, she cannot gaze into the boy's ardent eyes and find there a revelation of all the passion that is missing in her aristocratic lover. But, on the other hand, her dancing is most sensitive, giving a feeling of poetic mystery that is entirely in key with the story. This is a ballet full of pale light, soft air and sorrow. Fauré's music flows like a moody dream; Andrée Howard's choreography expresses with feminine tenderness the wavering, intangible mysteries of the heart, set against the formality of a wedding party and the château gardens; while Sophie Fedorovitch's cloudy white scene, with faintly misted costumes, makes one of her best decors. So long as the company can retain its delicate mood, this ballet will be a most respectable asset to the repertoire.

A. F.

'Schwanda the Bagpiper', at Sadler's Wells.

Weinberger's rumbustious compound of peasant opera, fairy-tale and musical comedy was revived on Friday evening at Sadler's Wells in a production by Dennis Arundell which teemed and swirled with almost continuous movement and high spirits. The second act had exceptional thrust; and there was much applause for Michael Whittaker's amusing set and *machines infernales* and for Howell Glynne's egregious Devil, a practised card-sharper, his jack-boots crammed with aces. But it was not just the relish with which he lit a cigar from the fiery point of his tail that distinguished Mr Glynne's performance – he was also in excellent voice; and indeed all the principals – John Hargreaves as Schwanda, Victoria Elliott as his wife, Charles Craig as Babinsky and Margreta Elkins as Queen Ice-Heart – sang with an uninhibited energy which was entirely suited to the music, and swept aside many of one's objections to it. Weinberger's scoring is often of the crudest, and in the matter of sheer rowdy noise this production could hold its own against any American musical whatever. In fact, the best parts of the work are at the level of a good musical and James Robertson showed excellent judgment in conducting a performance of such brash vitality.

E. T.

Correspondence

THE NEW CHINA

SIR,—As a reader of your weekly for many years past, I have often differed from your opinions, but never more than now in regard to your estimate of contemporary China. The phrase 'uniform fanaticism and spiritual intolerance' in your front-page editorial of 6 December sounds clearly the note of invincible ignorance to one who like myself spent some three months in China this past summer.

I travelled some 12,000 miles within the country, by train and road as well as by air, gathering further material for my work on the history of science and technology in the Chinese culture-area, and meeting hundreds not only of scientists and scholars, but of all sorts and conditions of men. My most outstanding impression of China this year was of the unreality of the idea so cherished in the West that the population is dragooned to perform its tasks. On the contrary everywhere one sees spontaneity (sometimes outrunning government planning), enthusiasm for increasing production and modernisation, pride in an ancient culture equipping itself to take its rightful place in the modern world. What has been done in public health, social services, industrial development, and advancing amenities of all kinds, and what one sees going on under one's eyes, would be absolutely impossible without the willing and convinced co-operation of all age-groups and all types of workers, manual and intellectual. A new type of social engineering, the product of leadership from within, not from above, raises up movements as urgent popular demands and not as the mechanical result of drives from the central government.

I agree with R. H. S. Crossman that much in China today reminds one of Cromwell's Ironsides, with all their conceptions of social morality. But I could not help thinking also of another parallel, that of the American frontier in the 19th century, the expanding opportunities of the Far West, now repeated with all its implications for the development

of the Central Asian parts of China, yet under the inspiration of Socialist co-operative altruism, not of individual aggrandisement.

As for the question of the 'rightists' and similar minorities among the intellectuals, I found little evidence of such strains in scientific, medical, historical and archæological circles; much less indeed than I had been led to expect. Two personal friends of mine (my only direct experience of this problem) had suffered nothing worse than loss of their administrative responsibilities, in one case temporary suspension only. Those affected have in any case been only an infinitesimal proportion of China's population.

The phrase of which I complain in your editorial was doubtless written with the new venture of the *jen min kung shê* (translated rather riskily as 'communes') in mind. This development was only just starting when I was in China, but I conceive it to be primarily an extension of the system of co-operative production which I have seen at work everywhere there. Deeply in accord with old Chinese social traditions, this principle is, I believe, welcomed and accepted by the overwhelming majority of Chinese working people. Current criticism of the 'communes' seems to rest, often enough, on limitations of outlook characteristic of highly industrialised western societies. People here who dislike the idea of families eating in restaurants and canteens know only western homes provided with gas stoves, electric washing machines, etc.—if they had had any experience of the slavery of the Chinese woman throughout the ages to the charcoal or brushwood stove and the primitive water-supply, they would understand that the co-operative farm or works restaurant and the public baths today seem more like a heaven on earth to millions. Until recently only the very largest cities had piped gas, running water and main drainage. Side by side with these improvements an immense effort of re-housing is under way. Emancipation of women to follow careers, whether on the farm, railway or factory, or in intellectual work, is one of the most remarkable features of present-day China, as I know from personal contacts with innumerable friends all over the country. Nor am I particularly shocked by the idea of restaurants where one does not have to pay, having enjoyed many a meal under such conditions in the kibbutzim of Israel as well as in the educational institutions of my own country. This is a matter of pride in China today, not of compulsion or regimentation; the direct reward of the successes of agricultural production.

At the present time the truth on these matters is not being made known. It is not only bad in itself that the New China should be so misjudged, but a great disservice to the British people that they should be so misled.

JOSEPH NEEDHAM

Cambridge

SIR,—I was surprised and somewhat pained to read a recent article on Tibet by Harish Chandola in your journal. It is surprising that the outside world does not realise that what the Chinese are trying to do in all the areas of Sinkiang, Tsinghai, Sikang and Kansu provinces is to drive away the people of Tibetan stock who have been carrying on their activities of agriculture or pasturage for thousands of years, and settle millions of Chinese there. In the past seven or eight years in Sinkiang and Tsinghai over 7 million Chinese have thus been settled, displacing the Tibetan and Mongoloid populations, and now in the Amdo, Golok, Sikang, Kansu and Kham areas nearly 4 million Chinese have been brought in during the past two years. The Amdos, Goloks, Khampas and others thus displaced have tried to engage the Chinese in open combat from time to time, but have now taken to mass migration or exodus towards the central areas of Tibet, such as Nangchen, Jeykundo, Nagchuka and, further south of the Tsangpo (Brahmaputra river), into the Pome and Lhoka areas.

It is true that the Chinese have built roads, hospitals and schools in Tibet. Most of these scholastic and medical institutions are extremely well run. The roads are also a great feat of engineering, but to say that the Chinese have 'freed' the Tibetans is not to make the proper use of this word. What are they 'freeing' the Tibetans from? Poverty? If so, the people of Tibet have to pay higher prices for their goods, including food, and for the first time in centuries there is starvation there. From ignorance? If so, the doctrines of peace and compassion that Lord Buddha preached and which were practised assiduously in Tibet for many centuries are now being replaced by warfare, hate and anger. This does not mean that there has not been a criminal neglect of the poor in Tibet, but poverty of one sort is now being replaced by poverty of another, including poverty of emotional, spiritual and intellectual integrity. There are thousands who accept all that is written in the NEW STATESMAN as a gospel truth, and that is why I thought it right to bring these facts to your notice.

TIBETAN OBSERVER

[Kingsley Martin discusses these two letters on an earlier page.—ED., *NS.*]

NEWINGTON LODGE

SIR,—Audrey Harvey's article raises a number of problems, for Socialists and the Labour members of the LCC, which will not be met by angry denials of the kind that followed the *Panorama* report on Newington Lodge some months ago.

As a Labour candidate at the last LCC elections, I attended a meeting presided over by the Leader of the Labour Group, and had the audacity (as I was soon to learn) to raise the question of conditions at Newington Lodge. The anger which this provoked, not merely from the platform but from the solid ranks of candidates around me, brought home very forcibly the fact that the authoritarian personality is not confined to the cohorts of Tory women who shout for the cat and the gallows.

Why is it, one needs to ask, that successful working-class people, many of whom have had grim experience of poverty and bad housing, still adhere to the nineteenth-century view that there are the deserving poor—the sick, the aged and the unemployed—and the indolent poor; the bad managers, those in rent arrears, and those of 'dissolute habits', such as promiscuity, crime and delinquency? It would seem that something of the Protestant Ethic has sunk deep, and that social failure which cannot be ascribed to external forces beyond the individual's control, such as the operation of the market, must automatically be equated with moral turpitude. There already exists a body of knowledge demonstrating that the 'indolent' and especially the homeless are as much the casualties of an inegalitarian society as the sick or the aged. The sociological problem which remains is to discover the conditions under which this particularly insidious kind of intolerance develops.

But more important is the question of why local authorities which have been under permanent Labour control for many years exhibit the kind of authoritarian insensitivity to democratic criticism which provides such valuable ammunition for their political opponents. While no Socialist can remain indifferent to the manifestations of 'less eligibility' which Audrey Harvey exposes, frontal attacks on bumbledom are not enough. As Herbert Spencer pointed out long ago, to attempt to flatten a cockled iron plate by bashing it will only produce other cockles. The task must be performed by carefully directed blows elsewhere, directed by technical knowledge. What we need is a study of bureaucracy in the LCC.

TERENCE MORRIS

37 Hyde Park Gate, SW7

SIR,—One wonders just whose axe Audrey Harvey is grinding in her article, the mood of which is typified in her brief but sweeping inaccuracy on the occupants of 'doss-houses'. No doubt there are many services provided through local authorities which are open to criticism, especially those which have appeared within the last ten years, but time is needed, not only for the construction of better material facilities, but also for a change in attitudes towards the recipients of these provisions. Local authority welfare departments have a greater problem than others in this respect, for most present welfare department staff were working, only ten years ago, under the Poor Law. Whereas public health, education, and children's departments have as their senior officers experts with appropriate qualifications, it seems that the seniors in welfare departments are laymen who have gained their experience over years of Poor Law administration. Although it is certain that throughout welfare departments work is done with utmost sincerity, its emphasis may often appear mistakenly placed to many—particularly to many social case-workers.

We can all suggest ways in which to spend more money on public services; and we can all criticise destructively those who have a difficult job to do, and perhaps find a legitimate target. What is needed is clear thinking on how to make the most of existing resources and personnel—and it simply does not help at all to put the latter so much on the defensive that this object is obscured.

Perhaps the encouragement and tolerance, which Miss Harvey so rightly suggests should be forthcoming to occupants of the 'Families Units', plus some *constructive* criticism, would be more appropriate than an ill-judged attack.

ROSEMARY A. M. RUSSELL

24 Canonbury Road, N1

CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS

SIR,—In criticising your editorial comment from the standpoint of her own experience, Mrs Bramall presents a very one-sided view of the subject. My own experience, as the father of a small child who spent a year in Queen Mary's Hospital, is somewhat limited, so I am not sure I can avoid making the same mistake.

Most of the children who go to hospital need some relatively simple treatment, such as a tonsillectomy, and are away for only a week or two. For such a child the psychological upset is relatively important, and recent studies have shown the necessity of his being accompanied to hospital by his mother if possible, or at least visited frequently;

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HART-DAVIS

and so he needs to be in a local hospital. With the seriously ill child, however, other considerations are more important; no ordinary general hospital, however good, can possibly offer the services of leading specialists, and so the seriously ill child needs to go to a good children's hospital (or one of the great teaching hospitals) for specialist care. In such circumstances, it is true, daily visiting is more difficult, but most parents consider the medical care more important than the daily visiting. In any case, if the mother is working, or if she has other children, however near the hospital, she will not be able to visit regularly. As one mother put it to me: 'At first everyone is very kind, but you can't go on leaving your children with strangers week after week, month after month, year after year.' Neighbours, friends, and even relatives, are rarely willing to reorganise their lives to permit the mother to visit the hospital regularly. Fortunately a good ward sister—one who has a vocation for nursing children—soon becomes a good substitute mother, and the children in long-stay patients ward form a fairly stable family, and so the visiting becomes more for the parent's benefit than for the child's.

There is, of course, no sharp border between long-stay and short-stay patients, or between a hospital being local or distant. If, for example, the general hospital is five miles away and the children's hospital ten, it may be better to send even the simplest case to the children's hospital where he will get care that is in a variety of ways better adapted to his needs. The trouble is that this is not being done; in spite of the long waiting lists of adults in this area, there are children occupying beds in the general hospitals who could be in Queen Mary's.

Thus there are other claimants (the adults) for the beds made vacant by improved child health. In any case I can see little merit in moving the Fountain Mental Hospital from 65-year-old buildings to 50-year-old ones. What the Fountain needs is new buildings altogether.

ERNEST RUDD

120 Old Farleigh Road
Selsdon

SIR,—It is understandable that the many beneficiaries and admirers of the work done by the Queen Mary Hospital for Children should be saddened at the prospect of this magnificent work being terminated as a separate unit, indeed it is natural that the friends of the hospital should seek to resist the Minister's proposals to this end.

In view of the vast number of sympathisers whose support has been enlisted in the current campaign to contest the closure of the hospital, one wonders, however, whether many may not have lost sight of the Minister's intention in proposing the dispersal of the now happily depleted remaining group of physically sick child patients to other hospitals.

Surely it would be more correct and fairer to describe the proposed change as a transformation rather than the closure of the hospital, since by this new plan the Minister is seeking to make the much deferred, and urgently needed, provision for another group of sick children, in this case sick in mind, who have an equal claim on public sympathy, and indeed on the public purse.

The buildings of the Fountain Hospital, from which it is suggested these children should be transferred, were erected in 1893 as a temporary measure to meet a fever epidemic of that time. Since then pressure on available space in these "temporary" structures which make up the hospital has become acute, and conditions are now such that it is only by the devotion and high sense of duty of the dedicated staff that they have been able to carry on.

It will, therefore, be seen that the hospital in Carshalton, which has gained so great a reputation for the contribution it has made in caring for one group of child victims, will continue to contribute to the alleviation of suffering in another group—different, it is true, but nevertheless equally deserving.

GEORGE W. LEE
National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children
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162a The Strand
WC2

BERGER'S BLACK AND WHITE

SIR,—Your brilliant art critic John Berger has one major failing: he sees everything in such black and white terms. People are either woolly minded subjectivists or materialistic realists, i.e. they are either *wrong* or *right* in an alarmingly absolute sort of way. This leads him into some odd alliances, such as his support this week for a Catholic critic whose object is to sweep aside the leaves of æsthetic mysticism in order that the road to Rome shall be clearer. Perhaps Mr Berger believes that a similar sweeping will reveal the road to Moscow.

The fact is that most people who think and feel about the arts don't fit into either of these neat categories. Mr Berger appears to believe that art means 'a particular job well done', and it would follow from this that a nuclear missile which worked properly would be a work of art, whatever our political or moral objections to the thing. In practice we judge artistic merit on whether or not an item is pleasing to look at or listen to. Does it evoke worth-while and satisfying emotions? Do we feel elated, excited or awed? Surely this is the pragmatic test for evaluating a work of art?

Mr Berger seems to think that because Cologne Cathedral and the novels of Zola are so different physically, they can have nothing in common spiritually. But in fact what they and all other artistic achievements have in common is the ability to produce certain emotional reactions which are classified as æsthetic. It does not follow that these emotions have some mystical origin of profound significance; their explanation may be quite humdrum and subject to normal psycho-analytic investigation. When I sit in a concert hall with 2,000 other people listening to a Mozart symphony I find it difficult to believe that my experience is very different from theirs, subjective as it may be. This, mind you, is with the most abstract of all art forms, so why does Mr Berger so constantly moan about the degradation and betrayal of the visual arts when they move towards abstraction? Why shouldn't painting evolve into pure visual pattern making just like music? After all, art forms do evolve, and it may be that those which can't adapt don't survive.

Perhaps there are psychological reasons why visual abstractions cannot ever be as satisfying as pictures which represent something tangible, and if so Mr Berger will be magnificently right for entirely the wrong reasons. But let us be clear that his reasons are wrong. If works of art were only significant as symptoms or instruments of political ideas they could be adequately described or even replaced by Marxist art critics. However, though Mr Berger is the most readable of them all, I still prefer the originals.

JOHN CRABBE

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COSTS OF DEFENDANTS

SIR,—I could not agree more with Mr C. H. Rolph's desire, expressed with his usual colourful clarity, in your issue of 6 December, to see Lord Justice Greer's declaration translated into the practice of criminal law.

The Costs in Criminal Cases Act of 1952—as did its predecessor in 1808—gives the court unlimited discretion to award costs to successful defendants. The reason why they do not usually get these costs lies, not in the language of the statute, but in Lord Goddard's statement quoted by Mr Rolph. Until an authoritative new pronouncement is made, judges (and magistrates) will continue to award costs to successful defendants 'in exceptional cases' only. In other words, what is needed is a reversal of this policy: a successful defendant should, as of right, get his costs, subject only to the court's power to rule otherwise in exceptional cases.

Unlike Mr Rolph, I do not think that we need wait for legislation. We now have a new Lord Chief Justice: many of us hope that he will soon find a suitable opportunity to give the judiciary a new lead.

ANTONIA GERARD

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Machines and History

THE Industrial Revolution is always being reconsidered by all kinds of historians. The implications of the industrial changes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were vast and comprehensive, affecting not only the volume and organisation of production but the shape of society and the way men thought about it. Economic historians have never had a monopoly of the subject: economists without history and historians without economics have always raised their voices in debate. The debate itself has shifted and turned from generation to generation, and has been conducted at many different levels. Paradoxically, the more industrialism has established its hold outside as well as inside Europe, the more frightened have academic historians become of using the term 'Industrial Revolution' at all.

In recent years historians of technology have had some share in the debate, but they have skirmished at the edges of it rather than fought in the centre. They are a small band, and they have been more interested in blueprints than in general historical speculation. It was not always so. A hundred years ago when the steam-engine was still thought of as a recent invention, writers on technology were among the chief apostles of 'improvement'. They made no attempt to separate their facts and their values. Panegyrics and engravings were mixed together. Dionysius Lardner wrote of the steam-engine itself, in a popular treatise which went through many editions: 'Whether we consider the history of its invention as to time and place, the effects which it has produced, or the means by which it has caused those effects, we find everything to gratify our national pride, stimulate our curiosity, excite our wonder, and command our admiration'. Alexander Ure's pompous *Philosophy of Manufactures* was polemical enough to gain the attention of Marx. The many mid-Victorian biographers of the engineers did not seek to hide their belief that most engineers were models of self-help and heroes of society. The history of technology had an inspirational purpose, particularly for young people. In a children's book *The Triumphs of Steam,* which first appeared in October 1858, a willing mother is asked by her precocious child to tell him 'all he wanted to know' about steam. 'The utmost I could do', she replied,

> would be to give you a biographical sketch of those men whose genius and perseverance have opened up, through the application of steam power, means of usefulness and civilisation such as the world never before possessed; and in doing this, I will explain to you the various inventions as well as I can, and I must ask papa to help me whenever I am at fault.

The rest of the book is devoted to little Arthur's questions and his parents' answers.

There are many questions about the technology of the Industrial Revolution which social and economic historians would like to have answered for them in the middle of the twentieth century. They have been awaiting with interest the publication of Volume IV of the massive five-volume *History of Technology**, one of the most worthy pioneering ventures in recent historical scholarship. It is called *The Industrial Revolution,* although the editors and several of the contributors shy away from the term as cautiously as do so many of their other academic colleagues. Unfortunately the volume, more than 700 pages in length, is merely a useful collection of fragments. The preface runs only to four pages, and with few ceremonies we are plunged abruptly into Chapter I on farm implements. From this starting-point it soon becomes abundantly clear that this is an encyclopædia, not a history, a work of reference rather than a work of interpretation. Some of the chapters – those on fishing and dredging, for instance – are very loosely related to the rest: others stray backwards and forwards from the Ancient World to the Renaissance, from the Bronze Age to the twentieth century. Only a few of them pose problems or attempt analysis. Far too little attention is paid throughout to what may be called the techniques of technological history. The facts are valuable and the illustrations are excellent, but there is a dearth of speculation. The fascinating but formidable frontiers between the history of technology and the history of the economy and of society are often reached, but seldom crossed.

At least five main general problems demand the attention of the historian of technology when he seeks to relate the technical changes of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries to what is commonly called the Industrial Revolution. First, why was there a spate of 'innovations' and how were the different kinds of innovation related to each other? Miss Julia Mann, with her scholarly grasp of economic history, writes well on the answer to this question in so far as it concerns the different branches of the textile industry. Her chapter is full and clear, and states why the development of the loom was slower than the development of other kinds of textile machinery. The problem as a whole, however, slips between the interstices of the other chapters.

Second, why were there time-lags between 'innovations' and application? The word 'time-lag' appears on page 2 of the volume in relation to farm implements – 'a time-lag of up to a century could occur between the invention of a machine and its adoption for general use' – but it does not appear again. It is impossible to write the history of technology satisfactorily without paying attention to the structure of industry and the attitudes of businessmen to technical change. That such history is extremely difficult to write does not detract from the necessity of trying. Certainly the difficulties should be examined, not ignored.

Third, what was the relationship between 'trial and error' and 'science' in technical progress? This question is raised at several points in the volume, often in an interesting manner, but there is much more to say about it. Professor R. J. Forbes of the University of Amsterdam touches on one fascinating aspect of it as does Professor Ubbelohde on the last three pages – the relationship between empirical improvements in the steam-engine on the one hand, and the retarded development of a theory of heat on the other. The formulation of the laws of thermodynamics followed, not preceded, the making of steam-engines. Professor Forbes quotes L. J. Henderson's remark that 'until 1850, the steam-engine did more for science than science did for the steam-engine'. Similar points can be made about chemistry. Dr Holmyard contributes a chapter on the revolution in chemistry, and Dr and Mrs Clow follow with a separate chapter on *ad hoc* industrial experimentation. The second of these chapters is particularly useful, but it would have been stimulating to have had a further discussion of the problems which lie behind both. Chemistry was recognised to be an exciting subject, and Dr and Mrs Clow quote a remark of W. T. Brande in 1819 that it was difficult to select one useful art that was not ultimately dependent on chemical principles for its improvement. High claims were also made for geology during this period, although it was sometimes more than a science and sometimes less. Contemporaries thought of it as being at the same time both useful and a key to speculations about Man and his place in the order of creation. It receives very brief treatment in this volume.

Fourth, what part did precision mechanics and machine tools play in the extension of the Industrial Revolution? The first machines of the early Industrial Revolution were tailor-made, and often, as Professor Forbes points out, the parts refused to work when put together. Watt found that a cylinder made by the best workmen available in Glasgow varied by three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and Smeaton advised him that 'neither tools nor workmen existed that could manufacture so complex a machine with sufficient precision'. Precision mechanics could not come into being until certain conditions were fulfilled – M. Daumas speculates intelligently about what the conditions were – but the Industrial Revolution could not 'spread' until precision mechanics had reached a certain phase. Chapters by M. Daumas and Mr Gilbert on precision mechanics and machine tools provide the kind of information about this problem that other historians will find extremely valuable.

Fifth, what was the effect of the whole complex of technical changes on the structure of the labour force? What was the balance of old craft skills and new industrial skills? How far did the Industrial Revolution depend on a mass of unskilled labour? Surprisingly little is said about this problem, although there is a great deal of easily accessible information about it. Labour indeed is a given factor in this survey just as technique is frequently taken as a given factor in studies of labour. The opportunity of building a bridge between the technical and social history of the Industrial Revolution is thus missed. History is left, as it was, in separate compartments; at best, one new compartment

* *A History of Technology, Vol. IV: The Industrial Revolution, c.1750 – c.1850.* Edited by CHARLES SINGER, E. J. HOLMYARD, A. R. HALL and T. I. WILLIAMS. *Oxford.* £8 8s.

is added to the rest. The machines live, and the men who worked them do not. Only once is the voice of the worker heard in these pages. The late Professor Ritson quotes a poem *The Pitman's Pay* (c. 1799) which included a eulogy of the first man to introduce metal rails into mines:

> God bless the man wi' peace and plenty
> That first invented metal plates.
> Draw out his years to five times twenty
> Then slide him through the heavenly gates.

Not all inventors, then or since, have been showered with good wishes of this kind.

If the history of technology is to become something more than the accumulation of information and its safe deposit in the appropriate pigeon-holes, its practitioners must first decide what are the problems they want to study and then go on to examine them. They will quickly find that other historians can be helpful allies, although non-specialists will often be baffled by the complexity of machines and processes and will ask questions more fluently than offer answers. If the history of technology is to become something more than a research subject and is to be taught as a 'broadening' subject in universities and other educational institutions, then the need to pass beyond the facts will be even greater. Where the men of the nineteenth century looked to the history of technology for inspiration, the new men of the twentieth century will look to it for an understanding of one strand in a complex pattern. Factors will count, not heroes: explanation will be demanded, not panegyric. Not the least of the merits of the volumes in this series, taken as a whole, is that they are written in language that can be understood. They force us to review the claims of opportunities of a neglected subject which may well have a lively future.

ASA BRIGGS

The Golden Age

I remember before you were born
You could live on a shilling from dusk to dawn;

Fish and chips and a quart of beer
And a seat at a music-hall, they weren't dear.

Of course it was horseless carriages then,
But hansoms, too, for handsome men;

The ladies (bless 'em) were just the same:
A rose by any other name.

We looked forward then, but not very far,
When the whole world smelt like a good cigar.

And we bought life cheap and sold it dear
In the golden age, it was worth a cheer.

We had all that but it didn't keep,
Like milk in the sun when milk is cheap.

And we didn't remember a thing. Until
The earth went dark on top of a hill—

On top of a hill in the dark and the noise
Frightened children wanted their toys—

On top of a hill in the dark and the rain—
And I'll never see change of a shilling again.

K. W. GRANSDEN

Professional Standards

Poems. By BORIS PASTERNAK. Translated by L. SLATER. *Peter Russell.* 5*s.*

Back to Life. Edited by ROBERT CONQUEST. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

How many readers of *Dr Zhivago* go on to the poems at the back of the book? To go on is probably not right anyway; the poems ask a different kind of attention. I haven't seen anyone remark how astonishingly good they are, these poems. The astonishment comes in because the translators have obviously aimed at getting over no more than the literal sense, and yet they disprove conclusively Robert Frost's and Robert Graves's definition of poetry as 'what gets left out in translation'. That definition holds of a lot of good poetry. Pre-eminently, it holds of Pushkin, and of most Russian poetry since Pushkin; which makes it all the more interesting that it so plainly isn't true of Pasternak. Earlier translators like J. M. Cohen and Vivian de Sola Pinto had already proved as much, and if the latest in the field, Pasternak's sister, Mrs Slater, doesn't make the point all over again, that I'm afraid shows up her and not her poet.

Mrs Slater had a translation at the end of *Dr Zhivago*, a version of a poem already translated by Max Hayward and Manya Harari, but printed by them because it 'conveys the metre of the original'. Readers of poetic translations, especially from the Russian, have learned to quail at this. Sticking to the original metres turns out to be fatal. Russian apparently can permit a metrical regularity more absolute than English can tolerate. It can be bearable in English only if there is a continual variation in the weight of the heavy stresses. But fidelity to the foreign metres imposes them on the English, and the heavy stresses crash into the English fabric, tearing it apart, all equally deafening. Now that Mrs Slater has reprinted her version of *Fairy-Tale*, together with fourteen other pieces, this is what happens; not to speak of violent dislocations of word-order and desperate expedients to get the rhyme. To compare her versions of *Parting* and *Mary Magdalen* with the Hayward-Harari versions is an eye-opener. It's a great pity that her undoubtedly devoted endeavour (which isn't what it looks, a publisher's attempt to cash in on a vogue) should come to such a sorry end. As it is, her booklet is chiefly interesting for the Preface by Hugh McDiarmid, not only because this applauds at the same time the Nobel award and the literary policy of the Soviet Union and People's China, but also because it quotes a statement of Pasternak's which the Hayward-Harari translations bear out completely—'it is impossible not to fall ultimately, as into an heresy, into unheard of simplicity'.

Robert Conquest says, of his collection of 'Poems from behind the Iron Curtain', 'it is not presented as literature'. And again our suspicions are roused: if these poems aren't literature, what are they? Propaganda? Gloriously, no. What they prove is no use to any propagandist:

> . . . when it came to the test it was found that one of the fears that have often been expressed was not justified. Totalitarian regimes could not produce writers at once talented and servile. The romantic view of the poet was, on this issue, thoroughly and surprisingly justified. Even moderate talent was shown in the long run to be inseparable from honesty and humanity.

It isn't often that from a writer the phrase 'the literary profession' deserves more than a wry shrug. We may be proud of our vocation, hardly of our profession. But what these poems suggest, what in fact they *prove*, is that the most solemn self-expressionist and the stiffest of poet-pedants are at least alike in this—that, given the choice, they will refuse to recognise what isn't there, they will insist on telling or taking for granted what is evident. To drive this home, it was essential that Mr Conquest shouldn't present 'honesty and humanity' as the monopoly of any one side. And accordingly some of the most impressive items are from poets like Olga Berggolts and Margarita Aliger from Russia, devoted Communists still thinking in Communist terms, but refusing to let their still unshaken allegiance make them deny what is in front of their noses. What matters in these cases isn't the quality of the execution, which we can hardly guess at, but the quality of the intention, which is patent. With a few poems like Wazyk's *Poem for Adults* from the Polish, or Kirsanov's *Seven Days of the Week* from the Russian, one is in the presence of something like Pasternak, writing which in terms of execution also (particularly of structure) survives serenely the rehandling of any translator short of the grossly incompetent or the mistakenly over-ambitious. Mr Conquest is to be applauded; he too justifies his profession. What one comes to see is that in writing, professional standards, of conscientious if uninspired craftsmanship, are identical with professional ethics, the duty to tell the truth.

DONALD DAVIE

Cracks in the Upper Crust

The King's War. By C. V. WEDGWOOD. *Collins.* 35*s.*

Puritanism and Revolution. By CHRISTOPHER HILL. *Secker & Warburg.* 42*s.*

Miss Wedgwood, for once preferring symmetry to perfect accuracy, has called her companion volume to *The King's Peace, The King's War.* It might, more pertinently if less attractively, be entitled *Top People's War;* for the war she describes so vividly is essentially a war within the governing class of English society. She does not by any means forget 'the common people', about whose hopes and dreams Mr Hill has much of fascinating interest to say in his collection of essays. But it is the fissures in the upper crust of society which make it possible to glimpse momentarily the ferment of popular passions beneath, and this volume is almost exclusively concerned with the cracking of the upper crust. Even the illustrations help to reinforce the impression of a feud within a relatively narrow social group: no common soldiers here, but Van Dycks and Lelys, elegant-mannered portraits of Top People by Top Painters. It takes a moment to realise that many of these impeccably attired aristocrats, like Lords Digby and Warwick, fought on opposing sides.

Exactly why they should have been ranged on different sides in the conflict, what it was that divided the dominant group in English society, has provoked a series of controversies which at present rend the historical world. Miss Wedgwood stands aloof from this modern civil war. She prefers to seek and convey something of the original Civil War as it must have seemed to contemporaries, confused in their ideas, bewildered in their allegiances, and not easily fitted into the categories which historians would devise for them. She excels in revealing at once the acts of heroism and the acts of folly; the personal dilemmas and the conflicts of loyalty in 'those

worst of times, when it was accounted treason, not to be a traitor'. Her book is exceptionally readable for anyone who does not try to follow the confused course of events too closely, but is content to be left at the end with a general impression: an impression of the last agonies of a courtly civilisation, of brocade and taffeta trampled in the mud.

This atmospheric approach to the Great Rebellion, observing the change from mellow autumn to bleak winter, has obvious attractions. It will appeal to anyone with 'a sense of the past'; it may also appeal, for the wrong reason, to academic *poujadistes*, those who are weary of current historical wrangles over the gentry, whether rising, declining or 'mere'. But Mr Hill, in the first of his essays, offers a timely warning: 'one easy refuge is to say that it is all so complex that no interpretation at all is possible. The historian can only record the multifarious things that happened, but must not attempt to make sense of them. I believe that this is to abdicate the historian's function.' Miss Wedgwood cannot be entirely absolved from a charge of this nature. There is nothing to grapple with in her book: the knotty problems are smoothed away, and no intellectual challenge remains. Mr Hill's collection of essays, on the other hand, bristles with problems. It is suggestive, challenging, at times very exciting. His first essay, on 'Recent Interpretations of the Civil War', will interest anyone who has read Miss Wedgwood and wants to discover something of the problems about the origins and nature of the Civil War that are currently being debated. Some of these problems raise fundamental questions about the technique of historical analysis, and Mr Hill here provides a very useful general survey, analysing recent interpretations and conclusions, and suggesting further lines of inquiry.

Anyone who has read this first essay in his book will want to know whether Mr Hill has an interpretation of his own to offer. Certainly the book is no attempt at a large-scale synthesis. Consisting of essays published over a number of years in widely scattered journals, and ranging over a variety of seventeenth-century topics from the preaching of Puritans to the poetry of Marvell, it is necessarily a fragmentary work. But it does obtain real unity from the consistency of Mr Hill's approach. For him, the English seventeenth century sees the failure of the 'Puritan Revolution' but the triumph of the 'Bourgeois Revolution'; it marks the transformation from a 'feudal' to a 'capitalist' England. Here again is a Top People's war, with the new Top People – the men of property, the representatives of economic advance – challenging the old Establishment; and in the end the two parties compromise, because each is less afraid of the other than of the pent-up popular forces so alarmingly revealed by the cracks in the upper crust.

It is not necessary to accept this interpretation in its entirety to enjoy or profit from Mr Hill's book; indeed, it raises several embarrassing questions, in particular about royalist merchants, which have yet to be satisfactorily answered. But Mr Hill is the first to insist that interpretations of the Civil War should not be *merely* economic, and beyond the bare bones of Marxist historiography there is a wonderful richness in his offerings. His own philosophical preoccupations have helped to direct his attention to various problems which needed sympathetic investigation and analysis. Naturally concerned with the ferment of popular ideas, he has produced a brilliant essay on 'The Norman Yoke' – the concept of an Anglo-Saxon golden age destroyed by the Norman invaders – and traces the continuity of this concept and its tenacious hold over popular thought. No less concerned with the ideas of

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world-wide revolution and the brotherhood of man, he gives us a fascinating study of the impact of the English Revolution on continental countries and its relationship to the contemporaneous revolutions of the mid-seventeenth century. Both these essays are fertile in ideas and examples, and show how valuable an historian's own intellectual preoccupations can be in illuminating neglected aspects of the past, so long as these preoccupations are not allowed to take full control and reshape the past in a pre-ordained doctrinaire mould. Now and again, as at times in his study of Hobbes and his 'bourgeois characteristics', Mr Hill does give the appearance of forcing his subject into arbitrary patterns, but these occasions are infrequent, and they at least serve their turn in challenging the reader to find an answer of his own. Miss Wedgwood delights and entertains her readers, but I am not sure that she ever makes them *think*; Mr Hill does exactly that, and does it superbly well.

JOHN ELLIOTT

From the Other Side

The German Resistance. By GERHARD RITTER. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

In recommending *The German Resistance*, I should in honesty confess that I find any book about the anti-Hitler plot of 20 July 1944 irresistible. The more we learn about that strange collection of conspirators, who for six years tried and failed to get rid of Hitler, the more baffling their story grows. And its obscurity is deepened by the fact that no German or Englishman can examine it judicially. For here is a historical riddle whose solution involves national honour. In order to put the best face on British policy, every Englishman tends to emphasise the ineffectiveness of the conspirators. It is much more comfortable for us to believe that it was their half-heartedness which kept Hitler in power than to admit either that Hitler might have been removed in 1938 had it not been for Chamberlain's appeasement or that the war could have been shortened without Churchill's 'unconditional surrender'. The idea that we were accomplices, who helped to keep World War II going for nearly six years, is too appalling for most of us to contemplate. That is why we accept so eagerly the complacent version of the conspiracy presented by John Wheeler-Bennett in his semi-official *The Nemesis of Power*.

It is possible to see the other side of the shield now that a semi-official German version has at last been published. The author, Professor Ritter, is a distinguished historian, who himself, as a member of the Confessional Protestant Church, took some part in the conspiracy, and his great work, *Carl Goerdeler und die Wiederstandsbewegung*, has been given us in an abridged English version. Professor Ritter is just as patriotic and just as respectable as Mr Wheeler-Bennett. Whenever there is a doubt, he resolves it in favour of the German Resistance and against the British Government. *The Nemesis of Power*, he writes:

> makes it its business to defend the British and French Governments from the charge that, through their weak and untimely peace policy, they ruined the chances of success of a plot which was rich in possibilities. . . . Those who today read the diplomatic correspondence of Henderson, Halifax and Bonnet at the height of the Czech crisis . . . will admit that these men were not equal to their diplomatic task. Perhaps that is true too of the men of the German military opposition. But a just verdict can never be one-sided.

In the Court of History, Professor Ritter's role is not that of objective Judge, but of Counsel for the Defence, briefed to answer Wheeler-Bennett's case for the prosecution. Anyone who wants to see how two outstanding historians can deal judicially with each separate fact and yet twist the whole story to suit his national prejudice should study the two books together, page by page.

Professor Ritter has not made his task any easier by centring his story round the personality of Carl Goerdeler. The man who would have been Premier of Germany if Stauffenberg's bomb had killed Hitler, emerges as an able, honest busybody, so ambitious that he could not resist any job the Fuehrer offered him – even after the blood-bath of 1934. No-one could have been worse suited to head a conspiracy. Goerdeler based all his plans on wish-fulfilment, constantly deceiving himself about the chance of persuading the Churchill Government to come to terms with the German Resistance; and he had the fatal habit of scribbling with his own hand endless Top Secret memoranda on the future government after Hitler's fall. His attachment to free enterprise – more absolute even than that of Professor Erhard – antagonised his Socialist colleagues in the conspiracy, just as his vanity and indiscretion caused offence to the soldiers. He actually opposed the project for killing Hitler on the ground that he could persuade the Fuehrer to resign if only he could see him alone for an hour or two! When Hitler survived Stauffenberg's bomb, Goerdeler hiked to Prussia in order to visit the grave of his parents in Marienwerder. Here, not unnaturally, he was recognised and, under interrogation, his morale seems to have collapsed. He gave the Gestapo the most detailed information about minor participants in the plot, wrote a number of memoranda for Himmler on his project for a United Europe and finally offered to act as Hitler's emissary to the West if his life was spared.

All these details about the leader of the conspiracy are recorded by Professor Ritter with scrupulous objectivity. It is a tribute to the grandeur of his theme and the distinction of his writing that, when I finished the last page, I had been convinced that, with any real encouragement from London, the Resistance, despite Goerdeler, might have succeeded. But Professor Ritter quite fairly points out that – at least after the Czech crisis – the 'encouragement' required by the conspirators was a firm agreement under which the Allies would enter from the West, while the German Army held the Eastern Front. For Goerdeler, von Trott, Beck and, to a lesser extent, Stauffenberg were all premature Cold Warriors and apostles of the doctrine of Containment. Long ago, in 1938, the German Resistance was advocating the defence of Europe against Communism by a Western alliance, in which a democratic Germany must be an equal partner.

Why should no British political leader make a compact with these 'good Germans' until most of them had been killed by the Gestapo and the Russians had advanced deep into Germany? The answer, I believe, is that, until Germany had been divided, the Germans were too numerous to be trusted as allies. Fifty million, with their capital at Bonn, can be welcomed as defenders of democracy; but seventy million, with their capital in Berlin, cannot. That is why Adenauer is now acknowledged as a great statesman, whereas the leaders of the Resistance, who shared his aims, his philosophy and his methods, are still written off as dangerous nationalists.

I am glad that R. T. Clark, in a Foreword to *The German Resistance*, has frankly admitted that he has had to omit and compress much of the original German text. Unfortunately his powers as an editor far surpass his competence as a translator. His English version reads as though it had been hacked out of the original by a German pedagogue with the scantiest knowledge of English grammar. Yet, as a corrective to Wheeler-Bennett, this book is indispensable.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

New Short Stories

The Stories of Colette. Translated by ANTONIA WHITE. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

The Blush. By ELIZABETH TAYLOR. *Davies.* 15*s.*

Breakfast at Tiffany's. By TRUMAN CAPOTE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Long Way from London. By DAN JACOBSON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

The Go-away Bird. By MURIEL SPARK. *Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Five books of short stories, one of which, Colette's stands by itself because it is Colette's. This collection defines her range admirably. All questions of greatness aside, she is incomparable, the natural celebrant of the purely natural life, of life at the purely sensual level. She is not its rhapsodist or its priestess; she accepts it as the great determining fact of existence; she is fully conscious of the miseries and sufferings it entails as its joys and pleasures. Witness, for example, two stories here, *The Kepi* and *The Tender Shoot*, the one beautiful study of the effects of love, at first revivifying and then destructive, on a middle-aged woman, the other an account of the humiliation of a middle-aged man in love with what, after Mr Nabokov, it now seems obligatory to call a nymphet. These are truly pathetic, the pathos is not false or strained but implicit in the situations described. Generally, insistence upon the purely

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sensual side of life speedily becomes boring in literature. It is not so with Colette, partly, I think, because of her utter lack of illusions about its nature: the pain is as real as the ecstasy. And then it is not seen narrowly: her response to sex is of the same quality as her response to the life of nature as a whole, whether in landscape, flowers, the heat of the sun, cats, the taste of food or the very feel of things. For her, the acceptance of the senses is a whole way of life.

But it is a way of life not at all cut off from the ordinary grind of earning a living; and one of the things that impresses about this collection is the breadth of Colette's experience. There are stories of her childhood, of her life as a writer in the Paris of the Nineties, of her career as a music-hall performer. The collection makes a splendid introduction to her work.

When I read the chorus of praise from distinguished reviewers that greets her work I can only conclude that Miss Taylor must be one of my blind spots. I recognise her virtues. She writes very well indeed, and her sensibility goes hand in hand with a nicely astringent wit. Her comments are often wise, as this, for example: 'Such an odd character they thought him, forgetting—as, of all people, the English should not—that characters are encouraged at the cost of their families' destruction.' Technically, her stories can hardly be faulted. But what do they amount to? I have a terrible feeling I have read them all before, and more than once. I am reminded of too many other women writers, of Miss Bowen, Miss Compton-Burnett, Miss Lehmann, reminded of them, as it were, in diluted forms. The late Mrs Miniver, I think, would have enjoyed Miss Taylor more than I can. Her stories seem to me almost impenetrably cosy. Unfair, of course, to set her side by side with Colette, but it is precisely anything like Colette's spaciousness that I find lacking in her stories. Colette enlarges one's understanding of her subjects; Miss Taylor seems to me to diminish her subjects; and as for one's understanding of them, it remains exactly what it was before.

Mr Capote is the dandy of this party of writers. *Breakfast at Tiffany's* is an entertaining long short story inevitably reminiscent of *Sally Bowles*, though Holly Golightly is tougher in every way than Mr Isherwood's scatty heroine; she is a tart who, as they say, gives nothing for nothing and remarkably little for sixpence. As she slams the door in the customer's face, '"The next time a girl wants a little powder-room change" she called, not teasing at all, "take my advice, darling: don't give her twenty cents!"' Twenty dollars is more like it. Mr Capote, who tells the story in his own person, is rather less of the camera-eye than Isherwood and much more a comic turn. Of the three other much shorter stories that make up the volume, *A Christmas Memory* represents Mr Capote as we first met him, the author of that dazzling impressionist childhood in the Deep South, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*.

Colette apart, of the writers here Mr Jacobson is the one for my money. He is a South African, which in recent years seems itself almost to indicate quality in an author. He has two manners, one, as in stories like *Two Women, The Stranger* and *The Little Pet*, ironical, oblique, somewhat Lawrentian, the other much more direct and dealing with the South African scene of colour- and race-conflict. In this latter he seems to me especially good, and I suspect he is helped by being a Jew, which in South Africa adds a further element of complication to the whole wretched racial tangle, but one which appears to make for objectivity towards the other components. Mr Jacobson is not a propagandist. He uses the clash of cultures to throw light on human nature gen-

Christmas book list

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Good Taste
Edited by **Susan Chitty** 25s

'An excellent feminine book.' *Evening Standard.* 'Instructs and entertains by its incursions into the arcana of fashion, beauty, manners and diversions.' *Daily Telegraph.* 'Bedside reading for every woman from eighteen to eighty.' *Sunday Graphic.*

This Slimming Business
John Yudkin 15s

Professor of Nutrition in the University of London

'An amazing amount of information in language which the layman will have no difficulty in understanding.' *The Times Literary Supplement.* 'Tackles with knowledge, fearlessness and hence with success a difficult task.' *New Scientist.*

Second Chorus
Humphrey Lyttelton 15s

'Takes jazz seriously, but never runs into absurdity. Packed with perception and sound sense.' *Sunday Times.* 'In literature, as in music, Humph has style, intelligence, and considerable personality. He is, in fact, a natural writer and raconteur.' *New Statesman.*

Conviction
Edited by **Norman MacKenzie** 18s

'The most stimulating, heartening and intelligent manifesto to come from the Left for a very long time indeed.' *Economist.* 'I cannot imagine that anybody, whatever his political views, will read it without profit.' *Sunday Times.* 'Lively and stimulating—here is the material for a stirring campaign.' *Manchester Guardian.*

Seven Times Seven Days
Emmanuel d'Astier 18s

'A brilliant book.' *Manchester Guardian.* 'Superb—an incomparable picture of de Gaulle's other accession to power.' *Spectator.*

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The true life adventure story of a modern Viking who has knocked around the world from one adventure to another. 'This hair-raising tale is immensely readable.' *Manchester Evening News.*

Tribute by Trophy
Rex Hays 25s

An exciting recreation of great racing triumphs. 'This book is part motoring history as well as part autobiography, and both parts are interesting.' *Motor.* 'A very readable book.' *Veteran and Vintage Magazine.*

Turn Again Tiger
Samuel Selvon 15s

'Beguiling.' *Sunday Times.* 'One of London's finest West Indian writers packs humour and tenderness into this tale of sun, lust and poverty in Trinidad.' *Sunday Express.* 'It has the directness, simplicity and charm of the authentic folk story.' *Evening Standard.*

The Good Lion
Len Doherty 18s

'Very good indeed . . . excellent descriptions of action, boxing matches, dance-hall rough-houses and a pit accident. Mr. Doherty is a born writer and plainly a man of great intelligence.' *New Statesman.* 'Gets to grips with the sort of life that people really live.' *Manchester Guardian.*

A Wreath for the Innocents
Francis Ebejer 15s

Lieutenant John Xiberras de Balyard was a scion of one of Malta's noblest families, Lucia the daughter of a wine-shop owner—but they fell in love. 'This sad little story has an appeal which can override fashion and sticks curiously in the memory.' *Times Literary Supplement.*

River Giant
Roger Curel 15s

'Much of the savage charm of Africa is captured in this story of two Frenchmen and an African who unite to destroy a huge, almost mythical, hippopotamus. The pursuit of the animal is incidental to a powerful description of the life and customs of the people of Central Africa.' *Times Weekly Review.*

Honey and Gall
Emmanuel d'Astier 15s

This novel traces the lives of Antoine and Nadiejda against the historical background of the last forty years. 'Fine thinking distinguishes this novel.' *Birmingham Post.*

Idle on Parade
William Camp 15s

'Extremely funny.' JOHN BETJEMAN, *Daily Telegraph.* 'Very funny—life in a Guards regiment as seen by a quietly unmilitary man who prefers girls to arms drill.' *Observer.* 'Wodehouse on the drill square.' *Daily Mail.* 'A genuinely funny book that reads itself.' *New Statesman.*

The Gravy Train
Edmund Ward 15s

'This talented novel is strongly recommended, particularly for its caustic dialogue and wit.' *Times Literary Supplement.* 'The extraordinary technical efficiency, pomposity, hospitality and friendliness of Joe's American friends are most happily observed. Mr. Ward excels at this kind of quietly sardonic portraiture.' *The Times.*

erally, as, for instance, in *The Zulu and the Zeide*, a flawless story. He is a very considerable artist.

The best of Miss Spark's stories, the title-story, is also South African, an exercise in dead-pan irony at the expense of a South African girl whose consuming ambition is to go to England. This is very good. With the rest of the collection I was disappointed. Miss Spark has seen something nasty in the woodpile and has a nice line in the sinister and the ghostly which somehow gets mixed up both with Catholicism and a Betjemanite attitude to the present. But, having heard with pleasure her radio plays, I had expected something more genuinely imaginative and frightening than I found here.

WALTER ALLEN

The Human Animal

The Memoirs of Casanova: Vol. 1. Venetian Years. Translated by ARTHUR MACHEN. Introduced by ARTHUR SYMONS. *Elek.* 30*s.*

This is the first volume of a complete edition of Casanova done from the French text released by Brockhaus in 1826, 'after consulting all the available texts'. As Arthur Symons showed in the course of his researches at the turn of the century, this French text had been much smoothed over to suit the euphemistic manner of the translator's period, and he himself was working from a German translation of Casanova's Italianate French. We have to see his vivacity through an often conventional veil and when we find the 'ardours' and 'caresses' etc, etc, of the well-known erotic passages tedious, we do not know whom to blame: the incurable old inflamer or those who may have sought to disguise the words of the hard and candid libertine. Arthur Machen did not break with the convention. As an autobiography, the famous work has considerable monotony and, though the whole will modify our opinion, it is difficult to see why sane critics have called it 'the greatest novel ever written', that it surpasses not only *Gil Blas*, in the rogues' gallery, but also exceeds Boswell and Rousseau's *Confessions* in interest. Casanova is certainly a goldmine for those who wish to know the condition of life, high and low, in the eighteenth century; he is a phenomenon and one must grant superiority in sheer spell and magnetism over his rivals. No one approaches him in his sense of the sexual animal and in animation. But, when we step out of the spell, is he any more than skin deep? We see he is a tremendous exponent of the appetite for freedom and a terrifying release of the first person singular on its own account, one acting upon others rather than acted on and without much remorse. The *hypocrite lecteur* must admire and recognise the animal's unrepentant courage and pleasure in itself, for it was in no spirit of moral reformation that he settled down in old age to write, but rather in rancour against time. What is it that we miss?

Not, I think, the moral sense, though the moralist's spirit makes writers on love like Crébillon or Laclos far more substantial. The missing element was spotted, I think, by Mr Edmund Wilson with his usual acuteness. Casanova, he pointed out, was the son of an actress, and was an actor through and through; in uncertainty himself, he took part after part, from the lowest to the highest, playing them, shedding them all. Although willing to admit his failures – and they are always well-described – he is essentially the eternal winner because he is the supreme personage, a figure of prowess yet without a character of his own outside the field of opportunity. If he had been a valet, as in *Gil Blas*, a man nagged by neurosis like Rousseau or by the naive desire for greatness like Boswell, he would have had just that complexity which would set off both the people he describes and his own person. As it is, his experience – for all its variety – is wearying in its unmodulated vividness.

The *Memoirs* have been called 'a processional novel'; one of the pleasures is in encountering some of the characters again in new situations. These do not, on the whole, add to our knowledge of the people; but they do add to the old libertine's sense of the war with time, fate and fortune. Juliette, the courtesan, who offered to throw him out of the window when he was a poor young man, comes off badly when she meets the witty Henriette years later, and even worse at the Court when her coarseness has been quickly recognised. Henriette herself surprises at a later meeting. Age and marriage make her conceal her face. There is more tenderness than one expects to find in Casanova's account of his intrigues, but there is never more than tenderness, a sportsman's pause at the plumage of the shot bird. His portraits of women are admired: Bettina, the girl who tortured his heart when he was a boy, is remarkable writing, and so are Henriette's temperament and wit. He admired the native traits of his creatures: tantrums, prudery, innocence, ignorance and sly experience delighted him. But it is intrigue rather than character that concerns him, the erotic relation alone; and it is astonishing how little he can tell one about his women outside their situation and the kind of difficulty they present. They become, most of them, merely the compliant projection of his own unlaughing, subtle, single-minded complacency. The plots of many novels are in his procession, but the whole shows the superficiality of life for life's sake. As a celebration of appetite, the *Memoirs* are unsurpassed and they have one very great strength: there is no hypocritical pretence that he writes to warn or to reform. Adventurer, card-sharper, charlatan, intellectual, guilty of violence and killing; in old age, a glutton, it never occurs to him to cry down the delight he has had in the body; and is proud that pleasure is alive and vivid in the mind when it is beyond his physical power. Cynical in all else, he is not cynical in this.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Hugh Thomas, *The New Statesman*

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Nuclear Explosions

Nuclear Explosions and their Effects. DELHI: INDIA HOUSE, LONDON. 25*s.*

The Indian summary of information relating to nuclear explosions and their effects was recognised when it appeared in 1956 as an authoritative and unbiased compilation. The new edition incorporates the information which has appeared in public in the last couple of years. Naturally very little of the material is original, in the sense that it has been discovered by the investigations of the Indian authors themselves, but, by taking into account all the material published by the nations actually engaged in producing nuclear explosions, the Indian authorities have been able to prepare an extremely useful book of reference.

The presentation is fairly simple, and the general principles, both of the physical and the biological scientific phenomena involved, are explained in a way which could be understood by anybody who is willing to devote a little thought to them. However, a very large number of technical data are given, together with full references to the source from which they have been derived, and this will probably make the book rather indigestible to the ordinary reader; at the same time it adds enormously to its value, and indeed constitutes its main attraction, to anyone who wishes to have a rather deeper understanding of the subject. It is probably the most complete compendium of information on nuclear explosions which has been brought together into a relatively small volume. The recent UN report which is the other main reference book for those who have to answer questions on the effects of nuclear explosions did not appear until this work was in the press. However, the last of the twelve factual appendices attached to the book contains a discussion of the UN report, and takes notice of the comparatively minor differences in assessment in the two works. The Indian report, moreover, contains more details about the physical effects of the explosions, a topic which hardly fell within the framework of the UN or the earlier British and US reports.

The main criticism which can be made is that the enormous quantity of valuable information is not adequately served by the index, which could with advantage have been two or three times as long as it now is. For instance, on page 62, figures are given for a comparison of the energy released in a large atomic explosion and that in an earthquake or a cyclone (a megaton explosion releases about as much energy as a major earthquake). In the index, there is a reference to earthquake energy but there is none that I can discover that leads one to the figures about the energy present in cyclones. However, even though one might have wished for a better index, one can have nothing but gratitude for the Indian authorities for the production of such an exceedingly valuable and timely work of reference.

C. H. WADDINGTON

Professional Lives

T. E. Lawrence. By JEAN BERAUD VILLARS. Translated by PETER DAWNAY. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 30*s.*

The Sultan: The Life of Abdul Hamid II. By JOAN HASLIP. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

Johnson and Boswell: The Story of Their Lives. By HESKETH PEARSON. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Verlaine: Prince of Poets. By LAWRENCE and ELIZABETH HANSON. *Chatto & Windus* with *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

Lives of great men all remind us – of lives of other great men written by the same biographers. Alternatively, they may remind us of other biographers' treatment of the same lives. But above all, they remind us of the Four Standard Openings. There is the Factual: 'George Frognall Peeve was born on February 29, 1872, in the village of Peeve Magna, Wiltshire'. There is the Picturesque: 'It was a bleak, rainswept afternoon in late February of the year 1872 when Sir Gosworth Peeve strode moodily through the corridors of his crumbling Palladian mansion on the banks of the Avon'. There is the Literary: '"Life," sang Herrick, "grows dim when *Philomena* frowns"; and George Peeve would have agreed with him'. Finally, most tedious of all, there is the Ancestral opening: 'The squalid village of Peeve Magna (now Peeve New Town) was first named, like its neighbours Bishop's Peeve and Peeve Parva, in the ninth century, after a local chieftain variously described as Pevis, Pivigoth, and Pig'. Each of the four popular biographies here chooses one of these openings; and by their openings ye shall know them.

T. E. Lawrence, to my mind, is by far the best. First published in France in 1955, it avoids the usual English controversy between Lawrence's admirers and his more hostile critics, and brings into prominence the specifically French point of view hitherto not very clearly expounded by General Brémond. In a good translation that leaves only a few Gallic mannerisms detectable, it tells the well-known story of his unusual upbringing – less unusual, perhaps, in a French education; and it unravels with skill and fairness the complex of inter-Allied intrigue in wartime Cairo. At times, one feels, M. Villars falls into the common continental error of reading British muddle as Machiavellism; and he frequently refers to Lawrence's or to Great Britain's 'agents' where 'contacts' would be a more appropriate word. His book makes no allusion to Mr Aldington's researches, but without undue bitterness he remains properly sceptical of some of Lawrence's tall tales. 'And in this,' he says, 'is contained the whole drama: the disproportion between his personal ideal and his mission. He is to lead rapacious, indisciplined and hesitant nomads to mediocre attainments, with an ambition that befits a young Alexander.' Clearly, M. Villars is not very impressed by the Arabs; and he seems to conclude that Arab nationalism might not have developed without Lawrence's encouragement. France and Great Britain, he implies, should have combined forces in 'the administration of their colonial patrimony in the Levant'. In this he seems to ignore the real force of Middle Eastern pressure for independence; and his unconscious parochialism becomes almost laughably clear when, intent on European politics, he remarks that the Sherif of Mecca 'knew nothing of Europe and of the realities of the war' and was 'convinced that the Hejaz was the hub of the world'. *Mutatis mutandis,* aren't we all?

The tendency of European statesmen to divide Levantine sheep from goats according to their respective attitudes to European politics has often played into the hands of local rulers; and Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey, was a case in point from some forty years before. Born and brought up in the all but conventual seclusion of the harem, he ascended the throne of the Ottoman Empire, almost unexpectedly, when his brother Muarad lost his reason. Although highly intelligent and inquisitive, he was not cut out to be a democratic ruler, either by education or by temperament. No giant, restless and watchful, he was at once an autocrat and a skilful, shifty diplomatist: too weak to resist Russia, his Empire used Britain and Austria as cat's-paws by playing on their fears. Unable to understand the meaning of 'public opinion', he was often puzzled by British tergiversations; but he in turn shocked Western visitors by his curious blend of ruthlessness with charm and occasional good intentions. His rather cold personality emerges effectively in Miss Haslip's biography, which picks its way carefully through the tangle of politics and spices the trail with much local colour and picturesquerie. Her illustrations, including some contemporary *Punch* cartoons and an Ingres odalisque for the customers, combine appropriate exoticism with the grey, bearded period charm of early photographs.

Johnson and Boswell, I need hardly say, brings us to the literary approach, this time by the doyen of English biographers, John Bull's answer to André Maurois. There's an engaging innocence in Mr Pearson's manner as he recounts some of the best-known stories; and I suppose that if one must cover such well-trodden territory, it's best to try to carry off the performance like a reading from Shakespeare, 'full of quotations'. Using the classical Johnson sources and the more recent Boswell papers, Mr Pearson tells his story clearly and well, making no great discoveries but at least showing that Boswell and Johnson weren't always in each other's pockets. His brisk, masculine personality and his decided opinions (for instance, his dogmatic agnosticism) will be well-known to readers of his other countless biographies: they'll be ready to take his literary judgments and his slight 'down' on Boswell with the necessary pinch of salt. But as an introduction to Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* there's still no better book than Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

The Hansons seem to be another indefatigable machine for writing biographies of all and sundry; and just as Mr Pearson can't write a chapter without quoting Shakespeare, so they in their turn define each successive subject by comparison with earlier sitters. *Verlaine* – scarcely, one would have thought, *'Prince* of Poets' – starts with the Verlaine family and the village of Verlaine, and painstakingly catalogues most of the details of the poet's life, with generous quotations in French from some of his best poems. He is, of course, an eminently quotable poet; but his total achievement, as distinct from his influence, is perhaps less great than his biographers suggest. Since they shirk a serious evaluation of his writings, it's hard to see why their Preface insists so strongly on the indissoluble unity of his life and his work. From the whole tone of the book, one surmises that the former is what really enthrals them: they face up to his excesses with all the delicate reluctance of a hungry man tackling a steak. 'The Frenchman is sexually a connoisseur as he is a connoisseur of good food and wine. . .' etc., etc. And yet they describe with feeling Rimbaud's discovery 'that life in Paris at the very heart of the literary world was little more than a frivolous enlargement of that first dinner at rue Nicolet, that it consisted in the main of men talking cleverly without conviction, of some giant game that all were wittily engaged in'. It seems strange not to take to heart the obvious moral: that popular biography by itself, however juicy, is of little more use to the understanding of poetry than taking a snapshot of Shelley's grave.

RICHARD MAYNE

Christmas Books

Beardsley, wrote Max Beerbohm, 'achieved masterpieces at an age when normal genius has as yet done little of which it will not be heartily ashamed hereafter'. That the words applied equally to Max himself is proved by this new selection of his drawings, finely produced and with an introduction by Osbert Lancaster (*Max's Nineties,* Hart-Davis, 30s.). Only eleven of these forty-six drawings have previously appeared in book form. Most of them have been culled from various Nineties periodicals – the *Academy,* the *Savoy, Vanity Fair, Pick-me-Up* – while the choicest group, the set of eleven drawings entitled 'Mr Gladstone Goes to Heaven' (1898) have never been reproduced before. The subjects range from Sir William Harcourt to A. B. Walkley, the famous dramatic critic of *The Times.*

For those who prefer the contemporary scene, Mr Tony Armstrong Jones's portfolio of photographs of *London* (Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 30s.) makes a superb Christmas gift. Mr Jones is as genuinely creative a photographer as Beaton, and in this album he gives us the entire life of the city, from the Magpie and Stump, Cable Street, to Mr Randolph Churchill scanning the evening paper outside the Ritz. Smithfield, Hyde Park nannies, Cruft's, the Bath Club at 11 a.m., strike

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meetings, the Coldstream – it is all here; even the banking-hall at Harrods is not forgotten. Mr Jones's ability to narrow his talents to a smaller canvas is displayed in *Malta* (Batsford, 40s.), a photographic portrait of the island with 70 pages of text by Mr Sacheverell Sitwell. *Israel* (photographs by Izis, preface by Malraux, jacket by Chagall, and an anthologised text ranging from Lamartine to the Book of Leviticus – is an altogether ritzier production (Deutsch, 55s.).

Paris and Its People: an Illustrated History (Methuen, 84s.) is a picture-book, and glossy, but compiled by Robert Laffont with a great sense of direction and carried out by a team of writers and historians, with 'literary continuity' looked after by Max-Pol Fouchet, and a brilliant layout by Philippe Gentil. So the photographs, plans, medieval illuminations, cartoons, paintings, are used functionally rather than merely decoratively, and the prose conveys facts briskly with only an occasional topple into the arch or lush. The prevailing mood is sharp and realistic, rather than nostalgic: that quality marks Ludwig Bemelmans's personal portfolio, *My Life in Art* (Deutsch, 42s.), which has 34 colour reproductions of his oils and gouaches, mainly of Paris, and black and white drawings in the autobiographical text. *Portrait of Spain* (Oliver & Boyd, 45s.) – photographs by Bert Boger, text by Anton Dieterich – is frankly aimed at the tourist, and particularly the photographer-tourist (for whom there is a special section of advice) and it very much reflects the tourist-picturesque view, especially in the colour pictures. There is a sharper sense in the black and whites of the Spain that goes on when the visitors have departed.

Animal photography has attained an extraordinary brilliance. You don't need to be an enthusiast for this or even for animals, to be dazzled by Ylla's *Animals in India* (Hamish Hamilton, 42s.). It crashes the senses as the circus does on a first visit. Seven months in Mysore have yielded wonderful studies of the painted elephant on parade, tiger emerging from the grasses, vulture on a tree in flower, a scattering of geese against the blue: all these in colours both vivid and true; and in black and white there are leopards, lions, rhinos, various monkeys, the tall chital deer, the battle between cobra and mongoose. Ylla's own diary adds much to the charm of this collection; and it is tragic that she should have been killed while photographing the bullock-cart race that occupies the last few pages. She had the gift, with a camera, of opening the eyes, intoxicating the senses. Less personal, if no less splendid in their way, are *Living Birds of the World*, by E. Thomas Gilliard (Hamish Hamilton, 70s.), and *The World of Butterflies and Moths*, by Alexander B. Klots (Harrap, 63s.). Both are comprehensive, luxuriously produced, irresistible to the glance, and the photographs, especially those in colour, excite admiration. Birds may seem, on a general view, to offer more in the way of variety and drama; but with butterflies and moths most of us find ourselves starting from scratch, and the revelations here also are startling.

Other specialised tastes are handsomely served in *Sailing Ships* (Ariel Press, 35s.) – twelve colour-plates, introduction and comment by Oliver Warner; *The Rhododendron* (Deutsch for Leslie Urquhart Press, 5 gns.) – 18 colour reproductions from paintings by Carlos Riefel, text by Beryl Leslie Urquhart, with end-paper maps of the main collecting regions in South-East Asia and the Himalaya; and *Orchids* (Deutsch and Ariel Press, 42s.) – 16 colour-plates, from Karl Alexander's drawings, and text by Matthias Riehl on the history and collection of orchids.

The Saturday Book 18 (Hutchinson, 30s.) keeps up its usual mixture of the chic, the bizarre, and the entertaining; the most substantial item is 'Betjeman's Britain' – photographs by Edwin Smith of buildings chosen and described by Betjeman. Typographical jokes and coloured paper give a rather misleading impression of *The Man's Book*, edited by Colin Willock (Hulton Press, 30s.), which deals briskly and efficiently with matters from how to choose cloth for a suit or cure a hangover to underwater swimming and rough shooting (to which activity is devoted a new volume, *The Roughshooter's Sport* by Michael Brander – MacGibbon & Kee, 15s.). And for entertainment plus a substantial slice of social history there is Mr James Laver's compilation, *Edwardian Promenade* (Hulton, 30s.) – which in fact carries its story right up to the end of the First World War.

Cartoons of three decades go to make up the *New Yorker Album of Sports and Games* (Hamish Hamilton, 30s.); and a century from Leech to Thelwell has been drawn for *Tally-Ho! Huntin' with Mr Punch* (Spearman, 15s.). There is an *Esquire Cartoon Album* (Heinemann, 30s.) and Nicolas Bentley has edited this year's *Pick of Punch* (Deutsch, 15s.). Individual collections of funny pictures are Osbert Lancaster's *Etudes '57-'58* (Murray, 5s.), Hoffnung's *Musical Chairs* (Putnam, 5s.), Fougasse's *Between the Lines* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), Mahood's *Not a Word to a Soul* (Hammond, 12s. 6d.), André François's *The Half-Naked Knight* (Deutsch, 16s.), Starke's *Starke Parade* (Reinhardt, 20s.), Raymond Peynet's *The Lovers' Keepsake* (Michael Joseph for Perpetua Books, 10s. 6d.) Siné's *Scatty* (Reinhardt, 6s.) the first collection of a Steinbergian French cat-lover, David Langdon's *Langdon at Large* (Wingate, 10s. 6d.) and Trog's *Flook* (Faber, 6s. 6d.).

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NS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,504 **Set by Grantchester**

And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve –

wrote Rupert Brooke. The usual prizes are offered for bread-and-butter letters (limit 150 words) from guests who stayed at Madingley for Christmas. Entries by 30 December.

Result of No. 1,501 **Set by Heliotrope**

Mademoiselle from Armentières and Lilli Marlene were immortalised by the soldiers of two world wars. Competitors are asked to produce both the lass and the song that might have held a similar place in the hearts of the infantry during one of the following: the Trojan War, the Hundred Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, the Crimean War or the Boer War. Limit 16 lines.

Report

Most popular (and most inspiring) was the Trojan war, with the Crimean a good second. Ethel Talbot Scheffauer sang Gretchen of the Thirty Years' War in German; Roff and Bridget Oke made good shots at 'pop' tunes for the Hundred Years' War. There was Hazel Archard's pin-up, too, for the same period:

Though she isn't as young as she used to be
When we first quenched our thirst in the last century,
No wine is so sweet or so mellow to me . . .

I think Barbara Roe deserves two guineas for her Trojan lass; a guinea apiece to Lyndon Irving, P. M., Jeremiah Sowerby and Helot. Highly commended: D. M. F. ('Thetis from Thrace'), C. W. V. Wordsworth ('Arsinoe of Cos'), Pamela Sinclair ('Pick of the Pops: 1854'), Doris M. Pulsford ('The Sandalmaker's Daughter'), Rhoda Tuck Pook ('Phrossy of Troy') and P. W. R. Foot ('Don't ride the high horse with me, Nelly').

THE LASS WHO FELL OVER THE WALL

We'd finished our supper and had our last cupper,
And darkness was spreading its pall,
When right from the summit there dropped like a plummet
The lass who fell over the wall.

Proud Ilion's daughter (thank goodness we caught her)
Was soundly constructed though small;
In one or two places she outdid the Graces,
The lass who fell over the wall.

She was got up as scanty as any Bacchante,
Her style wasn't stuffy at all;
So asking no questions we plied with suggestions
The lass who fell over the wall.

But she was unheeding and deaf to our pleading;
In none of our schemes, to our gall,
Could we interest her – she fell for old Nestor,
The lass who fell over the wall.

BARBARA ROE

TROJAN WAR SONG

(*Sung to a tune later to become known as 'John Brown's Body'*)

When Hector isn't hectoring and Ajax's in his tent
We gather up our obols – least the ones we haven't spent.
We scale the walls of Ilium and then we fraternise
With Lydia of the Light Blue Eyes.

When Achilles once was fighting with Paris near the town
Paris struck a lucky blow and knocked Achilles down.
He would have slain Achilles had it not been for the sighs
Of Lydia of the Light Blue Eyes.

Agamemnon is a lively lad where there are any girls
He forgets his Clytemnestra when he sees pretty curls
He says he goes to parley but we all know he lies –
With Lydia of the Light Blue Eyes.

Now when this war is over and we all get back to Greece
There'll be precious little welcome there and precious little peace
For the Welfare bloke has told us that our wives have set their spies
On Lydia of the Light Blue Eyes.

LYNDON IRVING

THIRTY YEARS' WAR

I picked her up near Prague one day,
When we had sacked the town.
I picked her up the soldier's way:
I knocked the baggage down.

Tho' years may go, and seasons pass
I'll love that sweet Bohemian lass
Who tickled me last Michaelmas.

I loved her by the flowing Rhine,
Mid Alps and Harz and Tatras.
In Saxony and Palatine
I didn't need no mattress.

Tho' years may go etc.

She's older now and easy vexed,
And prattles like a fool.
I'll lose her when we battle next,
And get myself a mule.

JEREMIAH SOWERBY

BOER WAR SONG FOR THE ROOI-NEKS

It's a long long trek down from Nicholson's Nek
An' they haven't sent the Buller beef *yet*, by heck!
I left a little gal on the sea-shore in Natal
I promised that I'd marry her an' I'm jinrickshaw I shall.
Her name is Frederike, a chic-er girl an' sleeker
Than the brightest Bloom in Bloemfontein –
The Queen of Mafeking.

She's my Ruby of Majubie –
To her I'll ever true be
An' I know she loves me too be-
Cause she's blushing when I sing
'O Frikkie, Frikkie, Frikkie
With your lips so soft and sticky! –
I'll toss you for a tickey
When we reach Vereeniging!'

P. M.

(*Nicholson's Nek:* defeat for the British – Buller was in command later.
'rickshaws: used on E. coast for passengers – drawn by natives.
tickey: S. African threepennybit.
Vereeniging: Peace signed here 1902.)

LAUDABLE HELEN

Fleet-launcher Helen, sending no ship for me?
Shoot me the ox-eye; hazard a trip for me:
I've pinned your portrait on my locker,
Laudable Helen, our lady docker!

Fleet-launcher Helen, why can't you romp with me?
We'll dance the Doric, then you can stomp with me;
I've got a good roll – be my rocker,
Laudable Helen, our lady docker!

Fleet-launcher Helen, comfort me, come to me;
Cheesecake of two men, throw just a crumb to me;
You've such a sweet face – I'm no mocker,
Laudable Helen, our lady docker!

Fleet-launcher Helen, break not my heart for me!
(Zeus, what a slipway! Doesn't it smart for me?)
I'll come to Paris: *bang* the knocker,
Laudable Helen, our lady docker!

HELOT

City Lights

Convertibility

Convertibility, if you must have a definition instead of a cheer, is freedom to turn pounds into any currency you please. There are degrees of freedom, and it will be some time yet before Grandma pushes you to draw sovereigns over the counter of the local bank. But the next stopping-off place along this asymptotic road, the merging of the exchange rates for transferable and American account sterling is not far off, and the bureaucrats are as anxious to get there as the bankers.

Exchange control is not what it used to be. Apart from the sterling which only sterling area residents are supposed to use, and the special sorts which foreigners use for dealing in gold or securities, transferable and American account sterling are now the only survivors of the war.

For months past, however, the free market rate for sterling has remained above $2.78 and within touching distance of the official level. The collapse of commodity prices has presented Britain with a handsome payments surplus, the dollar has been weak, and an early move to merge the transferable with the official rate has been commonly expected. It became clear at the September meeting of the International Monetary Fund that Mr Amory was ready to make a dash for the next stage towards convertibility if the United States and the Fund would agree to back him up, not merely with the stand-by credit already in existence but with an increase in the Fund's resources. A decision on the renewal of the stand-by credit is due by this week-end. The Fund will be issuing its recommendations on an increase in its resources before the end of the month. Add to this coincidence of dates, the European shemozzle and the fact that the Westminster boys are on holiday and the unseasonable alertness of the foreign exchange markets becomes more comprehensible.

The familiar arguments in favour of taking this next step towards convertibility take the form, Why not? The arguments against it take the form Why? And neither set is particularly convincing. If it is suggested that sterling can only be effectively protected against exchange crises of last year's kind by making absolute its dependence upon American backing, it can be answered that American backing was only reluctantly forthcoming in the Suez exchange crisis of the year before. There is more politics than economics about the whole business.

* * * *

The City's other affairs move slowly on. The *Mirror* has stepped up its bid for the Amalgamated Press to frighten off Odhams. The steel companies have been either raising their dividends or refusing to let them follow profits downwards. The Midland and Martins Bank have made scrip issues and forecast higher dividends, with Lord Monckton understandably cross about the Treasury's refusal to let him raise more capital. The British Aluminium process goes ceremoniously forward, Tube Investments has made its formal offer to stockholders, and the BA Board is issuing large advertisements to publicise its case.

* * * *

Once something is pointed out, you see it everywhere. The City has suddenly become aware of the fact that directors are following the British Aluminium example all over the place and issuing large blocks of capital without asking shareholders' consent. The latest example is a cable company, H. J. Baldwin, which is quietly giving a third of its capital to another company, Hartley Baird, in exchange for a 30 per cent interest in two of the latter's subsidiaries. Hartley Baird is a subsidiary of Camp Bird, a mining company which has evolved into an ambitious gallimaufry of interests under the command of a Mr Dalgleish, and which has now hit the headlines hard. Camp Bird began it last week by announcing that a subsidiary company, Ghana Minerals, had negotiated a 50-year agreement with the Ghana government which would entitle it to all future mineral rights and the proceeds of a ten per cent. tax on all mining output. The Ghana Chamber of Mines retorted indignantly that it knew nothing of the tax, reminded the world that the company was in trouble for infringing Ghana company law, questioned the status of Mr Emil Savundra, the company's Ghana spokesman, and suggested that there was little gold, diamonds or manganese in the place where Camp Bird proposed to exploit them. Things then began to move quickly. The Ghana government denied knowledge of the agreement, Camp Bird produced copies of letters from the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information, and the Stock Exchange decided to suspend dealings in Camp Bird until the situation became clearer. Ghana served a deportation order against Mr Savundra and sacked the Parliamentary Secretary; Camp Bird announced that it was cancelling its agreement with Ghana and that Mr Savundra had resigned to save it embarrassment. The Stock Exchange quotation has not yet been restored and there is a meeting of Camp Bird shareholders early next week. Mr Dalgleish has handled awkward meetings before.

TAURUS

Boris Christoff

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The Chess Board

No. 475. Christmas Present Gone Awry

Having safely got my seasonal connotation I wouldn't expect readers to believe the story behind **A**: I don't believe a word of it, the reason being that the author is a great study-composer, and thus a poet entitled to some poetic licence. He wants us to believe that he reached the position as a schoolboy when

A: W. A. Korolkov

C: W. A. Shinkman 1904

playing White in the last round of the school's Christmas tournament. He had just played Kt-Q8 ch when there was a commotion at the next board and it appeared that his rival for the prize had blundered away a winning position and resigned. Being now sure of the 1st even if he lost his game, young Korolkov bent over to his opponent who happened to be his best friend. 'Don't worry,' he whispered. 'I am going to make some silly blunder or other. I can now afford to lose my game, and your win will give you a share of the 2nd prize. That's my Christmas present for you.' But the young rascal, try as he would, failed to live up to his generous promise. Why? In offering 5 ladder-points for this I feel just as absurdly generous, nor am I being miserly in offering 6 for **B**. /8/pp6/2p1p1kp/6p1/2B1q3/P5QK/1PP3RP/4r3/. This was a game-position, and not surprisingly Black (von Lagerström) played . . . R-K6. White played B-Q3, whereupon the *kibitzers* suggested to Herr v. Lagerström he might as well resign. Why didn't he? After such child's play competitors may have to do a bit of work on **C**, a very pretty sui-mate in 6. There is a delightful "echo" with the White B on g8, and with so helpful a hint, 7 points should be the fair rate for the job, to say the least. I am not so sure, if I'm being very generous in offering 8 for **D**. Resembling a comfortable armchair, it is certainly pretty to look at. Nor would it seem to be very difficult for White to force a mate in 17, if it weren't for some rather tiresome conditions.

D: A. Lichtenstein 1910

There is to be no capture, and the mate is to be administered by the R which, worse luck, must remain immobile all the time. After this headache **E** will be quite a bargain at 9 points if I add the very helpful hint that, so as to achieve a draw, White must force the Black K on to the long white diagonal. **F** is an equally famous draw-study, but if it is to rate 10 points I mustn't give any hints. Usual prizes. Entries by 29 December.

E: F. M. Simchovitch

F: M. S. Liburkin 1950

REPORT on No. 472. Set on 29 November

A: (1) Q x BP ch, K-R1 (best); (2) Q x R ch, B x Q; (3) R-Kt8 mate.

B: (1) P-B3! (P-B4?), P-Kt6, (2) P-B4, P-Kt7 ch; (3) K-K2 ch, P × Q; (4) K-B3! etc.

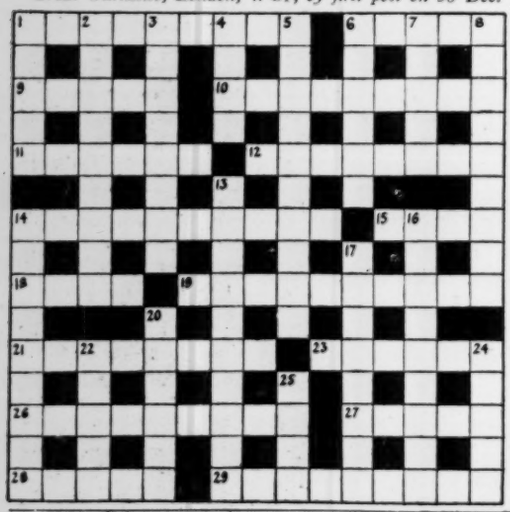
C: (1) Kt-B3 ch, K-B6 (best); (2) P-K7, Kt-Q2; (3) Kt x P!, Kt-B4!; (4) Kt-K4 ch, K-Q5 (best); (5) P = Kt!, K x Kt; (6) B-Kt1 ch, K-K4; (7) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-K3; (8) B-R2 mate.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, K. Beaumont, J. P. Ford, M. P. Furmston, L. G. Kennion, F. R. Oliver.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 334

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 334, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 30 Dec.



ACROSS

1. Broadcaster, kind about the more shrewd return (9).
6. Is advantageous for the servant (5).
9. Diana is missing from the records for some stars (5).
10. This hurts the feet and gives the old footballer trouble (9).
11. The unenlightened ones give a relative a return catch (6).
12. Old-fashioned person exists after tea in painting (8).
14. Sewer in which there is something written between main and lock (10).
15. Horrific limb injury (4).
18. Upstart with no room for anything sloppy (4).
19. Self-restraint one may have to read in the proposal (10).
21. Come back to harvest fruit? (8).
23. Glues pieces of wood (6).
26. Payments which are potentially nine a suit (9).
27. Behold employment for a parasite (5).
28. A university lecturer, even if nine were missing (5).
29. 'A lovely lady, —— in light' (Shelley) (9).

DOWN

1. Grip in which the doctor holds artists (5).
2. I celebrate with a girl and a product of sturgeons (9).
3. The doctrine seems confused about the rise of evil (8).
4. 'So thick a drop serene hath quenched their ——' (Milton) (4).
5. Upset, but passed away without strain (10).
6. Politician born on the tory side (6).
7. It is fine on a good animal (5).
8. Player who trifles with a fellow (9).
13. Claiming a punishment at a cockney public school? (10).
14. The end of a golden road for a saint in the desert (9).
16. A drink in a place of justice produces a fight (9).
17. Practise culture in headquarters or prison (8).
20. Way which is good in a vessel (6).
22. Steal the girl with a kiss (5).
24. Hurry the south sea rising (5).
25. The ruler comes in if one forgets a rule (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 332

H	A	R	N	E	S	S	E	D		C	O	P
O		O		L		A		O		A		Y
O	D	D	F	E	L	L	O	W		L	I	G
P		I		V		A		N		E		R
S	U	N	B	E	A	M	S		A	N	K	A
			N		A		Y		D		L	
I	M	P	S		U	N	D	U	L	A	T	I
N		L		S		D		G		R		E
S	H	A	C	K	L	E	T	O	N		E	N
O		N		I		R		S				
L	A	T	E	N	T		F	L	I	T	T	E
V		A		G		I		A		Y		A
E	R	I	C	A		L	O	V	E	M	A	T
N		M		L		I		I		O		I
T	A	S	T	E		S	L	A	T	E	C	L

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 332

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LARGE bed-sitting room in St John's Wood. Pref. man. CUN. 7719. Phone from 6.45 p.m. weekdays, Sunday 12.30 p.m.

S. KEN. Sml bedrm for prof. wom. Teacher's flat. 50s. KNI. 4893 or Box 5115.

ROOM £1 in exchange for baby-sitting. N8. MOU. 8220 after 6 p.m.

TWO rm flatlet, cooker, Ascot, suit bus. couple, 2 mins Finchley Rd, Nr Hampstead Heath. 4 gns. HAM. 9830.

SHARE of Chelsea Studio offrd to another lady. Own rm. 3½ gns. inc. Box 5024.

SISTER and brother invite girl, 22-30, to share St John's Wood garden flat. 3 gns. CUN. 8545 or write Box 5088.

PROF. woman seeks woman tenant W9 flat. Newly dec. & comf. divan-room, use kitchen, bath, tel. £2 2s. Box 5080.

HAMPSTEAD. Large b/s. avail Jan. for yg woman, share flat 2 others. Box 5073.

PLEASANTLY furnished room with breakfast and all amenities. 3 gns. VAN. 5478.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

ASCOT: unfurnished s/c. flat, 4 rooms, k. & b., tel. 3 yrs from Xmas. £200 per annum ex. rates. Box 4966.

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SMALL but charming bedroom & living-room available in Doctor's house. Also large bed-sitter. Both equipped with h. & c. water, gas fire, ckr, own meter. CAN. 4554.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG man seeks s/c furn. flat/flatlet. Central. Box 5098.

SERIOUS (m) research student, sensitive to fine things, reqs self-cont. flat W. Lond. for 2½ yrs, commencing occupancy 15 Jan./28 Feb. Max. £5 p.w. BAY. 5013.

PIANIST wishes rent accom. where practice possible. Own piano. PRO. 3174.

URGENT. Young couple need semi- or unfurnished flat London or Green Belt area. Baby expected June. Box 5018.

BUS. lady sks furn. accom. Central. No unreasonable restrictions. Box 5021.

PROPERTIES TO LET

RICHMOND. 1 Jan. Spac. s/c maisonette. 4 adults. 8 gns. RIC. 5593.

ATTRACTIVE modernised cottage, unspoilt Cardigan coast, to let Dec./April, el., Rayburn, garage, 37s. 6d. wkly. Box 5114.

COTTAGE, constant hot water, electricity, wood & modern oil stoves, to be let 1 January until Easter, in charming village on Estuary, S. Devon. Two gns. p.w. Box 4998.

FULLY furnished charming house to let, 2 double bed-rooms, 2 reception, breakfast, central heating, bath, w.c., good garden, residential road Putney, London, 4-6 months from January. Very moderate rent for very careful tenant. References. Box 5032.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOLIDAYS IN THE NEW YEAR

Start the New Year well with a Winter Sports Party (Departures 27 Dec., 1, 3, 4 Jan.), a reduced rate ski-ing holiday later in January or a cheerful New Year's weekend or New Year's Eve Party near London. Details of these and of our 1959 Spring and Summer Holidays from

ERNA LOW, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

SKI-ING, private party, Switzerland. Feb. Beginners and advanced. 2 weeks. SAE, Kent, 5 Blackwell Gdns., Edgware, Middx.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two Open Scholarships, one of £100 p.a. and one of £60 p.a., will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February 1959, for girls between the ages of 12 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

BISHOP'S Stortford College, Herts. Examinations for the award of open Scholarships between the value of £200 and £40 will be held on 4 and 5 June, 1959. For boys under 12 on 1 September, 1959, English, Arithmetic and General Paper; for boys under 14, usual papers. For particulars apply to the Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

MERLAND House, 4½-14 yrs. Bexhill-on-Sea, Sx. Individual attention. Tel. 1613.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA – UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

Applications are invited for the following positions in the University of Sydney:

(1) LECTURESHIP / SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN LATIN.

(2) LECTURESHIP IN LATIN. (Closing date for applications: 9 February 1959.)

(3) LECTURESHIP IN MUSIC. With special responsibility for the teaching of Composition.

(4) LECTURESHIP IN MUSIC. With special responsibility for the teaching of Musicology or some aspect of the History of Music. (Closing date for applications: 27 January 1959.)

Salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 per annum; for a Senior Lecturer within the range £A2,200 – 80 – £2,600 per annum and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. In addition in each case, cost of living adjustment will be paid. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

THE FAMILY REHABILITATION CENTRE AT CROWLEY HOUSE, Wooley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29 (under the control of the Committee of the Middlemore Homes) has a vacancy for a

RESIDENT SOCIAL WORKER

The appointment is a SENIOR one and provides opportunity for intensive family case work as mothers with a variety of family problems are in residence with their children for up to four months, and fathers stay at weekends.

Applicants should have a social study qualification and be interested to work with a team of trained workers in all activities of the Home, but with special responsibility for after-care of families who have returned to their homes.

WESLEY HOUSES, GERMANY

Lady Assistants required to work in the Methodist Forces Centres (Wesley Houses) in Germany. This is essentially a job for those interested in people, and provides a most useful service for the Church.

Apply Rev. F. W. Hilborne, CBE, 1 Central Buildings, London, SW1. Tel. WHItehall 5663.

BBC requires Talks Producer in its Overseas Talks and Features Department. Duties include formulation of ideas for and production of talks, interviews, discussions and talks features on wide variety of subjects, particularly current affairs, for broadcasting in General Overseas Service. Essential qualifications: wide interests, sympathetic approach to people, sound political judgment, and interest in and knowledge of current affairs, especially in Britain and Commonwealth. Ability to conduct interviews at the microphone desirable. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.923 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Extra Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Leverhulme Research Worker in industrial relations and related studies. The post is tenable for three years. Salary in neighbourhood of £1,200 per annum. Applicants must have substantial experience in trade union education. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford. Closing date 29 December, 1958.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications for appointment from 1 May, 1959, as head of its Community Centres Department and Secretary of National Federation of Community Associations. Commencing salary not less than £1,050 p.a. Applications in writing with the names of two referees by 31 December to NCSS, 26 Bedford Square, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the following Senior Lectureships within the University of Sydney: (1) Senior Lectureship in French. (2) Senior Lectureship in Education. It is proposed in 1960 to commence a Curriculum Laboratory. Preference, therefore, will be given to applicants qualified in fields of Curriculum Theory and/or Educational Philosophy but consideration will be given to persons with special qualifications in other fields of Education. Salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200-80-£2,600 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 27 January, 1959.

THE British Council requires Editor, Feature Articles, for Publications Department, London. Duties, to commission specialist articles for overseas journals and the press, on literature, the arts and education, and to prepare a monthly bulletin. Candidates, preferably graduates, must have professional experience in writing and sub-editing. Salary scale for men: £1,110 to £1,285 (women reach equal pay in 1961). Contributory superannuation scheme. Write, quoting B4(58), to Director, Personnel Department, 65 Davies St. W1, for further particulars and application form to be returned completed by 9 January, 1959.

OPERATIONAL Research, Air Ministry. Senior Scientific and Scientific Officers required in Scientific Adviser's department. Quals: First- or Second-class Honours Degree in mathematics, statistics, or a physical science such as Physics, Engineering. Honours Degree in a natural or social science acceptable provided candidate possesses at least mathematical knowledge at GCE Adv. level. Appointments offer great scope and interest to versatile scientists capable of working well with Service officers and of adopting methods suited to Service environment. Work is mainly Operational Research in wide variety of subjects of concern to Royal Air Force including tactics, technical development and logistics, and offers SSO and SO entrants valuable experience in principles of Operational Research. Salaries London; SSO £1,190 to £1,410, SO £635 to £1,110. Outside London slightly lower. Salaries for women being raised by stages to men's rates. Forms from MLNS Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quoting A 158/8A/PA).

THE British Trust for Ornithology invites applications for the post of Secretary with office at Oxford. Duties include supervision of field investigations, financial and office administration, correspondence with membership, attendance and speaking at meetings, public relations. Commencing salary in range £850-£1,100, plus superannuation contribution, according to age (not under 30) and qualifications. Applications should be made in duplicate before 1 January to the Honorary Secretary, Bleasby Grange, Legsby, Market Rasen, Lincs., giving full details of ornithological and administrative work, any papers published and experience of public speaking.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Experienced social workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train, and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary £592 10s. × £37 10s. – £742 10s. × £35 – £777 10s. × £15 – £792 10s. Commencing rate according to qualifications and experience. The posts are temporary in the first instance but normally lead to permanent appointment later. Application forms with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/C), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 1.1.1959 (2454).

DSIR requires Assistant Publications Officer (man or woman) at Building Research Station, Garston, Herts., to prepare publications for building industry based on Station's chemical, physical, engineering and operational research. Pass degree in science subjects and industrial experience including writing of technical reports desirable. Salary (men 26 or over) £920-£1,130. Forms from MLNS, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1. (Quote A.455/8A.)

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required by London County Council for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Lambeth (South) Chest Clinic, Constance Road, SE22. Must possess Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science certificate. Salary: £644 10s. (at age 24) – £844 10s., commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary fund for benefit of patients. Application form from Divisional Medical Officer, 128 Brook Drive, SE11, returnable by 15 January, 1959. (2420.)

LONDON County Council – Children's Department. Applications are invited for appointment as Chief Inspector to co-ordinate and direct the work of four Inspectors of Child Care. (Inspectors advise on measures to promote good child care casework in the field and high standards of care in residential establishments, assist in staff training schemes, and advise as necessary on individual children's problems). In addition, the Chief Inspector will be expected to advise the Children's Officer on the basis of an intimate knowledge of all professional aspects of child care work, especially family casework, the care of children in foster homes and residential establishments, and staff relations and training. Candidates should have high professional qualifications, as well as wide experience in child care, particularly in a senior position within a large, relevant organisation. Salary £1,422 – £1,705. Application forms from Children's Officer (CH/E.1.), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 31 December, 1958. (2195.)

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Department of Psychological Medicine. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised course of training. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Council Agreement. The commencing salary will be dependent upon experience and qualifications. Applications stating age and qualifications, and giving full details of experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned by 27 December. S. W. Barnes, House Governor.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District, will appoint an administrative assistant to assist in supervising office work, deal with correspondence, keep account books and records. Salary £400 × £25 to £600 p.a.; position on scale determined by the experience of the person appointed. Apply in writing to: District Secretary, 28 Woburn Square, WC1.

REMEDIAL Teacher (woman) required to take charge of well-developed Remedial Education Unit at Caldecott Community as soon as possible. Preference given to candidates with special training and/or experience of remedial teaching approaches for intelligent, maladjusted children. Burnham Scale plus special responsibility allowance. Accommodation available. Please apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

MANAGER wanted for Design Exhibition, Bristol, salary commencing £750 per annum. Please apply in writing to: The Secretary, Design Exhibition, Stonebridge House, Colston Avenue, Bristol, 1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a vacancy as Psychiatric Social Worker in the Psychiatric Out-Patient Department at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council agreements. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent, Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital, 1055 Gt. Western Road, Glasgow, W2, not later than 31 December, 1958.

CLUB Manager (Non-resident) – Edinburgh International House Ltd. requires in January a Club Manager with ideas. Organising ability essential, catering experience desirable, interesting opportunity for right man. Applications in writing (marked "Confidential") to:—President, Edinburgh International House Ltd., 127 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2, stating age, experience, qualifications and giving two references.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220-4 London Road, Chelmsford.

APPROVED probation home for girls, London, requires immediately resident warden, Roman Catholic, preferably under 40. Salary in accordance with Home Office regulations. Only qualified, experienced women need apply to Box 5022.

COOK-Housekeeper required for widower & 3 sons (1 adult, 2 school age), Jewish home, NW11. All modern facilities, every help given to cheerful person. Must be kind to children. Tel. office EUS. 5994, Leviton.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SBC., 10 yrs publishing experience, sks temp. post 3/4 mths; excel. refs. Box 5042.

MALE, 31, asst. charge-hand vehicle fitter (motor mechanic's cert., studying for technician's cert.), reqs interesting job, prefd. development side. Anything consid. Box 5044.

YOUNG Frenchwoman, competent shorthand-typist, good English, seeks post London as clerk or receptionist. Box 5045.

DUTCH young lady, resident London, with secretarial experience in Dutch, German, French & English, seeks position. Box 4932.

YNG woman, car driver, sec. and farming experience, excellent children, sks remunerative post 5 mnths. As family. Box 4994.

SOLICITOR 28, BA(Cantab), qualified 1 yr, seeks post, general experience, view to partnership, prog. firm London. Box 5106.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MABEL Eyles & Pmers. Sh. typing, translating, duplicatg, printing. MOU. 1761.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Leon Fellowship. Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1959-60. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £800 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University, but they are expected to put forward a programme of research of an advanced character and to produce evidence that they can carry it out. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Deputy Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, WC1, and applications for the Fellowship must be received not later than 2 February, 1959.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BETTY Hope's Unique Boutique, 19 Beauchamp Place, SW3, for attractive & useable presents. S.a.e. for illustrated list.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St. Leicester Sq., WC2. Old Prints and Caricatures, Contemporary Prints, Pottery & Xmas Cards, Picture Hire Gift Tokens.

DISCURIO has just compiled the most fabulous Christmas gift list for music lovers – 200 suggestions from a Penguin score at half a crown to a complete Stereosound outfit at 69 gns; records, hi-fi, musical instruments, books, autographs, etc. 9 Shepherd St, Shepherd Market, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

AS played in Boston, Brixton and the Balkans – Lodge: intriguing 3-dimensional black and white cube game for two. 13s. 6d. plus 1s. 6d. post or rules free from Juxta Games, 15 Southernhay Ave., Bristol 8.

PURE Silk Pyjama opportunity. 75s. post 1s. 6d. Luxurious quality. Ladies' 34/42in. chest. Blue, Rose, Green, Gold, Red, Black. Patterns: Austin Smith, 36 Berkeley Street, W.1.

XMAS Cards, Pottery, Prints. Open all day Saturday. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Tel. FRE. 3328.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BALLET – a new book with a new approach. Detailed accounts of music as well as action of nearly 200 ballets; 50 photos; individual consideration of composers, conductors, leading dancers, choreographers and ballet companies; discography. Composers, conductors and critics of music and ballet contribute. The Decca Book of Ballet – a gift to take the breath away – 63s. – from your bookseller or record dealer.

PUZZLE books wanted. State price; author, if applicable. Box 4885.

'THE Coal Crisis and the Miner', by Will Paynter; 'Memories of the Reichstag Fire Trial', by D. N. Pritt, QC; 'Plain Words on Tests', by Quaestor. In Labour Monthly, post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

CONTENTS of December Plebs: 'Disarmament and Disengagement', by the Rt Hon. Kenneth Younger, MP; 'The Free Trade Area – Britain up against It', by George F. Thomason; 'The NCLC's Jubilee Celebrations'; 'Cha Cha – Gus and Inverforth'; by Dr W. McLaine; 'Social Security throughout the World', by R. Mackenzie; 'Changing the Map,' by J. F. Horrabin; 'In the Two Capitals – The NCLC's Early Days', by J. P. M. Millar; 'The Polsters and You', by G. A. White; 'Two Stalwarts join the Reserves – Joe Crispin and Vin Williams'; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'New Books'; 'Pars from the Press'; 'C.L.G. – 70 Not Out'; 'The Plebs Forum'; 'News of the Movement'; Plebs is 6d., by post 8d or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

INTERESTED in plants – and people? Get 'An Introduction to Ethnobotany', by P. J. Faulks, 16s. post paid from Moredale Publns. Ltd, BCM/Moredale, London, WC1. Stimulating present for an intelligent husband.

IS European Free Trade Doomed? also 'Spotlight on Maudling', See Dec. Economic Digest, 1s. 6d., from 28 James St. W1.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd. NW8. MAI. 3030.

NON! Le Livre n'est pas cher, surtout pas 'le Livre de Poche', qui s'achète chez Hacheppe, 127 Regent Street, W1.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

WHERE TO STAY

CONVALESCENCE. Rest, Winter Holiday? A warm winter assured in this small, quiet, friendly Hotel recomm. by rdrs. No fogs. Twin-bedded 6/8 gns; Singles from 6½ gns. incl. bkfst in bed, if wished, early tea, full board, htd bedrm, cent. htg everywhere. Annexe 6 gns. No gratuities. Fresh fruit dly. Vegtn if desired. Facing Sth, opp. covrd prom.; nr warm Sun-Lounge. Illus. brochure. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
22 Dec. at 7.30 Turandot
26 Dec. at 7.0 Aida (in Italian)

THE ROYAL BALLET
23 Dec. at 7.30, 26 Dec. at
2, and 27 Dec. at 2 & 7.30 Cinderella

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

Tel. TER. 1672

23 Dec. at 7 and
26 Dec. at 7.30 The Merry Widow
26 & 27 Dec. at 2.30 Hansel & Gretel
27 Dec. at 7.30 Schwanda the Bagpiper

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Today & Sun. 5 & 8, 'The Devil Peter'. Members.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Non-Stop Revue. 3-yr., fr. 2.30. Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems. tckt.

TH. Royal E15. MAR 5973. Dly 2.30, 7.30. 24 Dec. 7.30 only. A Christmas Carol.

TOWER. 7.30, 18, 19, 20 Dec. 'The Queen and the Rebels'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Mother Courage,' by Bertolt Brecht. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.30. Play ends 18 Jan. No perfs 26 Dec. Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 21 Dec.: Farewell performances of Carné's 'Quai des Brumes' (A). From 22 Dec. Holiday programme: Sucksdorff's The Great Adventure U. Crin Blanc U, Danses de Chine U.

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Wk c. 21 Dec. Bob Hope, 'That Certain Feeling', (A). Kirk Douglas, 'Ace In The Hole', (A)

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat. 20 Dec. 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 5s.

DANCE, 7.30-11 p.m. S. Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat., 27 Dec. Tickets 4s. Public welc.

RIALTO Socials. Sun. 21 Dec., 7-10, Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Sat. 20 Dec. 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. New Year's Eve Dance. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Members 12s. 6d. Double tickets for mems. £1 1s., Guests 15s. Wed. 31 Dec. 9-2 a.m.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, Hampstead Branch, are holding their Xmas Party at Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Road, NW3 Mon. 22 Dec. 8 p.m. Everyone welc.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Eugene Boudin Retrospective Exhibition in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Adm. 2s. 6d. & 1s. Daily 10-5; Sats. 10-12.30.

ULR – Graphic Art by painters and sculptors. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1, every day 10-midnight until 28 December.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings, Fusaro (first English exhibition). Line drawings, Mervyn Peake. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St. W1. Christmas-Present Exhibition: Small Pictures by English and French Artists.

ZWEMMER'S, Litchfield St, WC2. Bauchant, Buffet, Epstein, Matisse, Picasso, Raza, Sutherland, Underwood, Vlaminck.

FIRST of the Evening Flight, by Peter Scott. Prints, picture framing. Open all day Saturday. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Tel. FRE. 3328.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Paolozzi – Sculpture. Until 31 December. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Exhibition of 'Mille Gravures en Couleurs'. Hours 10-6 inc. Sats. Until 10 Jan.

ST George's Gallery: The Sailing Boat Suite: 6 new relief & lino prints by Michael Rothenstein. Also gouache drawings, until 3 Jan. 7 Cork St, W1. REGent 3660.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Lutka Pink. Till 7 January, daily 10-6 except Sundays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 29 Dec.-17 Jan. Sculpture. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Ceramics by Campavias. Paintings by Maurer.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities and Left Review Club 'WORK SONG & BIG CITY' – EWAN McCOLL. Songs & Discn. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Monday, 22 Dec., 7.30. 3s. Mems. 1s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society. 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 21 December, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: 'The Imitation of Christ'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 21 Dec. Dr Helen Roseaau. 'The Ideal City'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture. Sun., 21 Dec., 8 p.m. 'The Christ Within'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

'PRIORITIES in Education', Fabian New Year School, 2-4 Jan. Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Details: 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB), ACP and LCP Diplomas, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Crses, Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

GCE. New courses 12 Jan., for adults, also children 15 upwards. Modern Tutorial College, 7 Maddox St, W1. MAY. 3622.

SHORTHAND. Typg, Sec. Pract., Accountancy etc. New crses 5 Jan. Modern Tutorial College, 7 Maddox St. W1. MAY. 3622.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Spanish meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'. Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

PERSONAL

LADY willing to accept child as daily P/G in warm flat., W8. [illegible] 5049.

PERSONAL—continued

YOUNG man, 34, totally disabled from war, though presentable, interests books, music, socialism, sks young person of similar tastes willing to read to him. Box 5097.

TEACHER at home with yng child wishes look after another, about 1 year old, during day; Gospel Oak, NW3. GUL. 7319.

RESEARCH psychologist offers free tuition in psychology and parapsychology to experienced writer, in return for aid with MSS. Preferably resident SW15 area. Later collaboration, if desired. Box 4898.

BACHELOR, 30's, UK origin, working in Kenya, reasonable, arriving Venice end Jan., without car, spending Feb. Italy-Paris, also returning with car, London-Trieste via Munich, July, seeks companion (m.); suggestions to Box 2561, Nairobi, Kenya.

SKI Party. There are Americans in this country keen to be joined by British Skiers. Olympic Skier taking small private party by air to Wengen (Switz.), 10 & 24 Jan. Beginners and experts welcome. Ring FULham 0922, early a.m. or late p.m.

NEW Coney fur stole £6; bath & sink heaters, £20, £8. MOU. 7671.

WANTED complete Linguaphone sets in French, German or Spanish. Box 4935.

STATISTICIAN or advanced student wanted to advise, help with analysis of data. Holidays, evenings. Box 4936.

UNUSUAL opportunity exists for man or woman of drive, charm, with knowledge of music and the theatre to secure partnership in agency management business in London. Details of exp., qualifications and capital available. Write Box 5038.

BACHELOR interested religion, politics, music, travel, seeks similar, view to share holiday arrangements. Box 5096.

ARTHUR Miller's 'Crucible' casting now. Amateur actors please ring PUT. 6538.

CAN anyone suggest small London club for man interested art and books? Repeat club, not group activity. Box 4987.

YOUNG artist (male) seeks studio in or near London. Winter months. Box 4996.

BALLROOM dancing enthusiast schoolboy 16 wishes contact others, m. & f., intd form priv. class in own house SW15 for Bronze Medal level and further. Box 4952.

PLEASE employ future writer, weary washing plates, reader Lit. Agency. Box 4951.

PATRON(ESS) reqd for expanding educational organis.; opportunity cultured lady/gentleman of means & leisure. Box 5068.

TRICERATOPS, pareiasaurus hunted, private collection. Gd swops. ARN. 8159.

YOUNG man (27) seeks male companion, weekends, summer holidays. Box 5019.

PENNILESS student seeks lift to Italy end Dec. or beginning Jan. Box 5016.

CHEAP, warm room wanted, merely for writing in. EC-WC area. Box 5009.

STUDIO or lecture room available from 1 January 1959, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Terms on applic., view by appointment, tel. WEL. 1706.

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